

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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THE GREAT WAR & THE LITTLE CLOWN

See
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Two

BURIED TREASURE OF THE ESKIMOS

IVORY OF LONG AGO
Riches from Deep Seas and
Ice-Covered Lands?

THE OLD KITCHEN HEAPS

We are surprisingly dependent for present-day supplies upon stores laid up in or on the earth, or in the waters under the earth, in days and ages long gone by. The newest example of the material that has been retrieved from the past comes to us from Eskimo hands in the form of long-discarded ivory.

It is not the ivory of the elephant, but of the walrus. For centuries Eskimos killed and ate the walrus and threw away the tusks outside their homes of snow. Now that walruses grow scarce and the demand for ivory increases these buried supplies are being retrieved. The natives who inhabit the islands in the frigid Bering Sea have for the past four years been sinking little shafts in the ice and snow upon the sites of ancient dwellings and mining the walrus tusks buried there.

Wrought by a Vanished Hand

A stout little schooner, the Boxer, has recently returned to Tacoma, in Washington State, bearing £15,000 worth of this unburied treasure; and there is more to follow. Wherever ancient Eskimo settlements can be discovered among the Arctic islands there, it is said, similar deposits of ivory await the finder.

But some of the ancient Eskimos did prize walrus ivory, for the Putnam Expedition to Mill Island, Hudson Bay, this year brought back a beautifully carved image of a Polar bear, wrought by some vanished Eskimo hand in ivory a thousand years ago. So there were some artists among the snows.

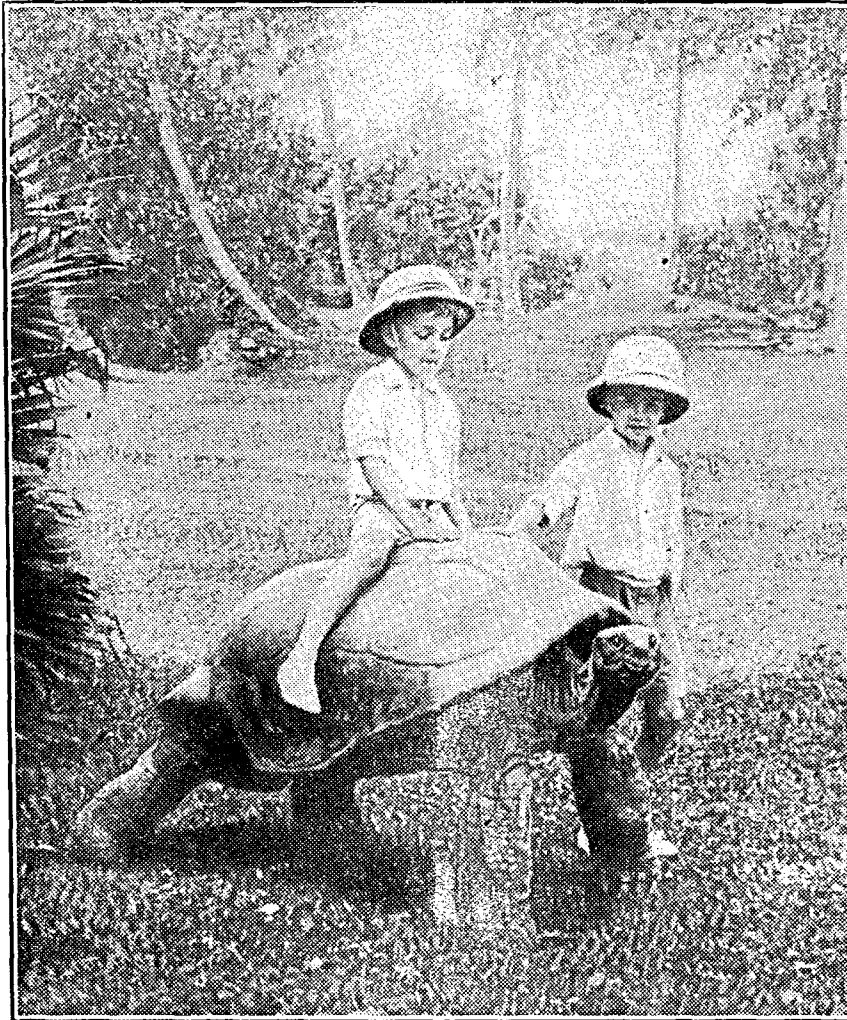
They were not singular in their ignorance. For centuries the ivory of mammoths has been coming to light in the soil of Siberia. Natives, who knew neither its nature nor its value, thought it grew in the earth.

Treasures Vast and Varied

Others, who saw actual carcasses of entire animals revealed by the thawing soil, imagined that the mammoth lived underground and died on encountering light and air. Enormous quantities of mammoth ivory, all 100,000 years old, have come into commerce since its nature was ascertained. And here again it is said there is more to follow.

Vast and varied are the treasures stored for us. Forests died to make our coal; trees gave off gum to yield us fossil amber, from which the whole science of electricity has sprung. Waste products from the titanic meals eaten by giant reptiles are ground out of the rocks to fertilise our fields. So the Past helps and enriches the Present, and so we store knowledge and wisdom for the advantage of the Future.

A Friend 200 Years Old



The rider on the back of the tortoise is a C.N. reader in Ceylon, and the tortoise is about 200 years old. It was brought to Galle, a seaport town of Ceylon, by the Dutch Governor at that time. It is now deaf and nearly blind and can hardly walk, but is still at Galle in charge of a keeper who has looked after it for fifty years.

DOES GERMANY SPEND TOO MUCH?

Most Governments have critics of their spending, but few Governments have to meet the criticism of a man so formidable as Mr. Parker Gilbert, who has just been warning Germany.

Mr. Gilbert is the Agent-General for Reparation Payments, representing the creditor nations in Berlin. It is his business to see that the instalments of Reparations are duly paid to him, and to transfer them to the exchequers of the creditor nations, and either or both of these duties might be hampered or defeated by undue extravagance on the part of the German Government. That is why he has a right to criticise and why Germany is bound to listen.

There is no suggestion that the actual payments are in any danger; they are amply covered by the revenues ear-marked for their service. But extravagant expenditure, and the taxation and borrowings it involves, increases the cost of production, which increases prices, and these things may upset international money values, which we call exchange. If the rates of exchange were upset Mr. Gilbert's duty would become infinitely difficult, or even impossible, for each transfer he attempted

would mean a reduced value of the moneys transferred, and would also in itself upset exchange still further.

There is no insinuation that the German Government has been playing ducks and drakes with the nation's money. The things it has been doing have been quite good things to do, provided the money is there to do them with. It has been raising official salaries and pensions, and everybody knows that in Germany these are very low. Partly from patriotism and partly from the standing and security given by Government service, people have always been willing to do the work for very little, but there is a limit to which that kind of willingness should be exploited.

Mr. Gilbert's criticisms have, on the whole, been well received, and will bear fruit. It is understood that his anxiety is as much for Germany's welfare as for Reparation payments, and that the criticisms, themselves are, on the whole, sound and just. It is recognised especially that if ever a reduction in the amount of Reparation payments is to be secured Germany must be able to show that she is really doing her best to pay what she owes.

If Christ Had Been Born in
Our Time. See My Magazine

BANDAKA AND THE MAGIC CLOAK

What He Sold in His
Shop

AND HOW HE WENT TOO FAR

Bandaka was a dacoit bold who, after causing continual anxiety to the police all over Burma and the Shan States, settled down to a quiet life as a magician.

In Burma this is a profitable line of business to anyone who can find the right clients. Bandaka dealt largely with his old associates, who would pay a great deal to avoid bullets, or even the knives of some of their less firm friends. A cloak of invisibility would also be useful. Bandaka provided for all their wants.

As he himself had been so long at large he found plenty of dacoits ready to believe that he owed his freedom to the value of his charms. In the village where he set up shop people quite thought that when he disappeared for long periods it was because he had made himself invisible, or had taken a trip to the regions where powerful demons dwell in order to draw from them fresh supplies of spells.

Among the Dacoits

The truth is that when Bandaka disappeared he had gone on a practical business trip to the jungle to push his wares among dacoits who had the best of reasons for remaining invisible from any powers that be. This form of trading would not have mattered so much, but as Bandaka's boasts and influence grew he persuaded a number of villagers on the border line of honesty to become dacoits in the assurance that with Bandaka's assistance an easy career of crime lay before them.

At last the authorities, perceiving that Bandaka as a purveyor of magic was becoming a good deal more harmful than when he merely took other people's goods, arrested him.

In spite of his powers he made himself scarce too late. He is now in Rangoon Gaol, and the dacoits in the neighbourhood of Shwebo, where Bandaka practised, are going into retirement, being rightly doubtful whether the charm of invisibility will work as well as Bandaka told them it would.

THE WEASEL WINS

A northern farmer out riding saw a kite pounce on some object on the ground and rise with it clutched in its claws.

It had not flown far before its flight became irregular. It rose swiftly in the air, then dropped, and wheeled wildly round, trying to force an enemy from it with its feet. Then, after a sharp contest, it fell suddenly to the ground near the farmer.

Riding up, he found that the victor was a weasel. It was none the worse for its aerial trip, but the kite was dead, and one of its wings had been torn off by the sharp teeth of the weasel.

THE GREAT WAR AND THE LITTLE CLOWN

WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM

Breaking Up the Happy
Lives of Men

THE TOLL OF AN ACCURSED THING

A French lady who often contributes to the C.N. sends us a bright yet sad little story of one of the wastages caused by the war—the waste of lost skill.

When I first entered a shop in London I asked for what I wanted in my very best English, but the man smiled and answered me in French. Going out I hailed a taxi, and gave the driver my address. He, too, smiled and answered me in French. Was it a coincidence, or are many London people well acquainted with French? I did not stay long enough to find out.

But the other day I had the same experience. It was in Florence, and I spoke to the conductor of a tram in Italian. Perhaps there was nothing out of the way in his replying in French, for almost everybody there knows some French. However, after giving me my ticket he went on talking to me in the most fluent French, and seemed pleased to have the opportunity, for he came round again and again.

The Tram Conductor's Story

When I asked him where he learned such good French he answered:

"In Paris, Lille, Bordeaux, Toulouse, Marseilles, Lyons, everywhere. I have travelled all over France for three years."

Seeing I was interested, he went on:

"The French are always astonished at me; but so are the English, the Germans, the Spaniards, and the Danes, for I speak their languages as well. I am bound to, you see, for I lived in each of those countries for years. But that was before the war!"

I was interested, but I had to alight. Visibly he was a poor man; he must have been abroad working. But what work in several countries? And why could not such a man find better work now than collecting fares in a tram? Yes; I was interested.

Lost in the War

I wondered if I should see him again. It was like a story coming out in a weekly paper—one expected the next number. Two days later we two chanced to meet again.

"So you took up a different job after the war?" I asked.

"Alas, I had to," he replied, "for in the trenches I entirely lost my skill. I applied for this tram work, but I had to wait eight months for a vacancy."

"May I ask you what kind of work you did before?" I said.

"Certainly, mademoiselle; I was an acrobat. It requires long training and three hours' practice a day, and I lost my skill in the war. You must have heard of the Fratellini Brothers; well, they came from Florence, and I joined them when I was eight years old and went abroad. I worked with them all over Europe. How lovely it was!"

A Hidden Tragedy

I knew the Fratellini Brothers. Who does not? I knew them for their kindness to the poor, for whom they often performed. I knew that France had awarded them the decoration of the Legion of Honour. I remembered the story in the C.N. of the child whose last wish was to see them once again.

But my heart broke at this hidden tragedy of the war: this poor man whose skill, in ministering to the pleasure of thousands and thousands, had been destroyed by the strain of the war, and who, from travelling the world over with delight, living a joyous, free life in entertaining happy multitudes, was now pleased to collect pennies in a tram.

MR. FORD'S NEW CAR

A Tremendous
Change-Over

A BAD THING ABOUT BRITISH CARS

Perhaps no industrial enterprise has ever excited greater interest than the coming of the new Ford car.

Our own manufacturers have so splendidly catered for British markets that we need not again fear Ford rivalry and may view the new enterprise with complete calm.

The figures published concerning the change-over from the old-established design to another are, however, highly impressive; they read like a small nation's annual Budget. No less than 48 million pounds are involved in the conversion, including nine millions profits lost by the six months' stoppage of output of the old model.

11,000 Cars a Day

The new model is to be of 15 horsepower, as against the old twenty, with a new system of gears. To make it the machinery has been remodelled at a cost of ten million pounds, and the result finally will be an output of eleven thousand cars a day.

One thing must be said in favour of the old Ford; it was cheap and ugly, but it was reliable, and until now the design has not changed. One could be sure that in buying a Ford or a Rolls-Royce no petty device would soon be adopted by the makers to render the car old-fashioned and out of date.

The one fault of many British manufacturers is that they strive year by year to put their old productions out of date. Yearly petty external details and alterations are embodied as if to "date" all preceding models and make them contemptible and difficult to sell. It is a monstrous thing. Fixity of good design ought not to be the unique distinction of the cheapest and the most luxurious of our cars.

THE WAY THROUGH THE OLD CASTLE HALL

Footpath Lost After
a Hundred Years

At Amberley in Sussex, four miles from Arundel, stand the ruined walls of a castle on a cliff; and for a hundred years a favourite path has led across the greensward within, where once was the great hall of the castle, to the church.

Now a new owner has bought the castle from the Duke of Norfolk, and has denied the right of way. It was commonly supposed that in the matter of a footpath uninterrupted use of it established a right, but this, it is now declared, is not so.

The local authorities agreed with the new owner to refer the matter to the Commons and Footpaths Preservation Society, and the Society asked Sir Fielden Clarke, a former judge, to arbitrate. The arbitrator declared that uninterrupted use was not enough; it was necessary that the path should have been dedicated to the public by the owner. So a path used for a century is now closed.

OUR INDIAN SUMMER

Late Harvests

Exceptional mildness of the weather gave us a beautiful Indian summer, and Nature has responded to the genial warmth of springlike conditions.

At Billingborough, in Lincolnshire, a laburnum tree was in full bloom in mid-November, raspberries and strawberries were gathered, and second crops of Victoria plums were harvested.

Four pounds of juicy raspberries were picked in November in a garden near Tenby, Pembrokeshire.

A GOOD CHANCE LOST

THE PITY OF OUR NEW
COINAGE

A Little Bit of Beauty We
Might All Have Had

NEW YEAR'S GIFT GONE WRONG

By Our Art Correspondent

A very sad thing has happened. We are to have some new silver coins for the New Year, and they are not beautiful.

The nation's New Year's gift has gone wrong, and a wonderful opportunity has been lost of putting at least one lovely thing in everybody's pocket.

It is a pity the new coins have not been better designed, for in some ways they are very interesting. The new sixpence is to have six acorns on one side, and the new threepenny bit is to have three acorns.

The Six Acorns

The acorn is an admirable symbol, and as a unit of design it possesses great possibilities. Unfortunately these two coins, the babies in our silver family, have been rather stupidly designed. The six acorns on their stems are intertwined over the surface of the coin in neither an entirely natural nor a conventional pattern, and the word pence is awkwardly divided. The stems that meet in the middle of the coin are far too heavy in comparison with the acorn at the end of such a short twig, and seem to be thickened in order to give some weight to the centre, where the design should either have come to a strong knot or heart, or else left a ring bare. It is a design that sprawls, and needs pulling together, making it bold and strong.

We are particularly sorry that our little silver bits are not more beautiful, for they come the most often in and out of our purses. They will go the whole world round and never stop being ashamed of themselves. They will be looked at admiringly by millions of people. Children who have no means of art education could at least have learned from a new sixpence how beautifully a pattern of acorns may fill a round shape.

The Five-Shilling Piece

We have a glorious history in coinage to take as a lesson book, and the committee responsible for the choice have had five years to think in. It is all very sad, for it disappoints every artist.

We are glad to hear that the crown is coming back, however awkward a coin it is, for it has come down unbroken from Elizabeth's day until the beginning of this century.

It is a pity it has not been better designed; any schoolboy knows that it is bad art to divide an awkward word like crown for the sake of the design. It is a childish blunder.

Everybody will be looking at their silver when the new coins appear, for they are all changed. It is the first time for over a hundred years that a change has been made in all the silver coinage at the same time. That is one more reason why it is so much to be regretted that after five years of thinking those who had this splendid opportunity in their hands have thrown it away and done a feeble thing.

A PROPHECY COME TRUE

Forty-five years ago General Booth was stoned in the streets of Northampton. Turning to his son beside him, he said: "Bramwell, you will live long enough to come to Northampton and be welcomed in these streets."

The prophecy has just been fulfilled, for General Bramwell Booth has been welcomed by the Mayor and Corporation on visiting Northampton to open a new hall in the city.

POOR JACKIE

Passing Of a Magic
Shadow Shape

THE LANDED PROPRIETOR OF LOS ANGELES

All the world knows Jackie Coogan, and millions of people have loved the dear little fellow, though he is only one of the magic shadow shapes that come and go on the lighted screen of the moving pictures.

There, in memory, he will always be, with all the jolly little tricks he played and the smiles and tears they called forth. Perhaps that is the real Jackie Coogan, and all we want to know.

But there is another one, the Jackie Coogan who walks and talks and, in spite of every wish, is bound to grow up. He cannot go on being Jackie Coogan the Kid. Every day he comes nearer to becoming Mr. John Coogan of Los Angeles, who owns a lot of property and is rapidly becoming a millionaire before he is 21.

From Jackie to John

That is what being on the film does for the brightest of boys. There is no harm in being a millionaire, however sorry we may feel for him. Many of them are much respected. But it is one thing to become a millionaire through hard work and industry and self-denial, and quite another to find oneself with more money than one can spend, without having done anything remarkable for it.

On the whole we feel rather sorry for the John Coogan we do not know, because he will never have half the fun that must have happened to the Jackie Coogan we did know. If he could have grown up—very gradually—what adventures he might have had on the way! But the other John Coogan, with two ranches and house property growing in value, and without anything in particular to work for—what a dull life for a bright young fellow!

COLOUR SIGNALS ON THE RAILWAY

Help in Times of Fog

The Southern Railway, which is rapidly becoming a leader in railway enterprise, has been experimenting with powerful electric beams to replace the old signal lights, and has found that even in foggy weather drivers can see the signals for an extra two hundred yards.

So new colour signals are to be set up along the townward ends of all the lines leading to Charing Cross, Cannon Street, and London Bridge. Trains will be able to run much more closely on each other's heels with the new signalling than with the old. The cost of the new signals will be £150,000.

THINGS SAID

Those hideous Aunt Sallies.

Lady Oxford on the petrol pumps

It is easy for a Prime Minister to talk tosh.

Mr. Baldwin

Take all corners with heart in mouth and brake in hand.

The A.A.

The tomato is a fruit.

The tomato is a vegetable.

Two expert growers

I wish to correct the statement that I have been drowned.

A man at a police court

The tyranny of wealth has been substituted for the tyranny of kings:

The Rev. H. Dunnico, M.P.

Drive slowly and see our town;

Drive fast and see our gaol.

A United States road sign

If women would not buy anything for one month prices would come down.

A Shopwalker

POOR CARACTACUS

THE STORY OF THE MAN WHO SET HIM FREE

An Extraordinary Page in the History of the Roman Empire MAKING ROOM FOR NERO

One of our judges has been remarking that the Emperor Claudius was quicker than other judges in his State judgments because sometimes he heard only one side, sometimes neither.

Yet history, mindful of bitter wrongs, smiles through her tears upon Claudius in memory of one immortal judgment of his. He spared the life of poor Caractacus, the heroic British king who for nine years maintained war in Britain against the might of Rome.

The deeds of Caractacus had won him almost legendary fame throughout the Roman Empire, but here he was at last, betrayed by a jealous British queen; here he was, a captive in Rome, loaded with fetters at the rear of a triumphal procession, walking with his wife, his daughter, his brother, and a melancholy train of his followers.

Pleading for Their Lives

Imagine all Rome afoot to see the redoubtable Briton in his agony march to the great seat of judgment where Claudius sits, with Agrippina, his cruel and beautiful empress, at his side. In tears and terror the kindred of Caractacus plead for their lives, but the dauntless British king addresses his conqueror in words that Shakespeare would not have scorned.

But for the war, he said, Rome might have beheld him, not in captivity, but a royal visitor. The issue was, glorious to Rome, but to himself humiliating.

I had arms, men, and horses (he said). I had wealth in abundance. Can you wonder that I was unwilling to lose them? I stood at bay for years. Had I acted otherwise, where, on your part, would have been the glory of your conquest, and where, on mine, the honour of a brave resistance? I am now in your power: if you are bent on vengeance execute your purpose; the scene will soon be over, and the name of Caractacus will sink into oblivion. Preserve my life, and I shall be to late posterity a monument of Roman clemency.

A Chivalrous Conqueror

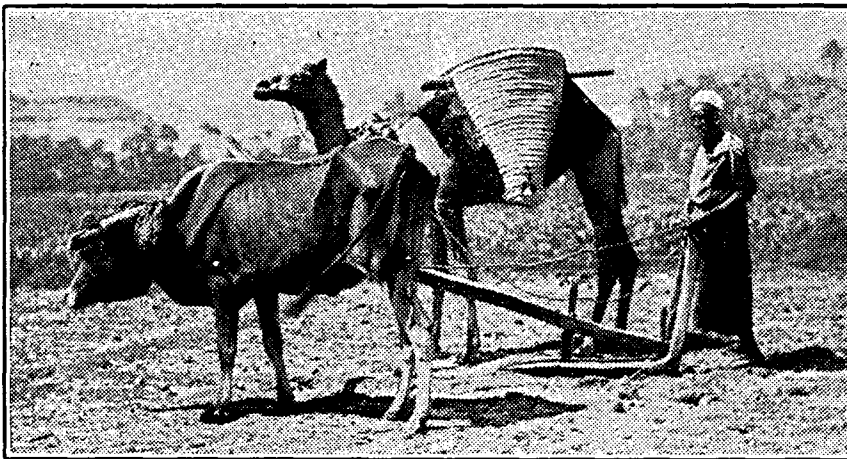
Claudius did pardon the brave chieftain, with all his family, and the words of Caractacus have proved prophetic; it is for that act that we best remember his chivalrous conqueror. Claudius knew that the treachery of a woman had betrayed Caractacus to him; he little dreamed that he himself would meet his doom at the hands of another woman; that his wife, Agrippina, who sat smiling like a benevolent tigress on the pardoned Briton, would poison her husband in order that her son Nero might reign.

The whole life of Claudius is a tissue of almost unbelievable things. He was hated by his mother as of imperfect wit and constitution, a fugitive from the Court, a companion of slaves, a student and scholar writing histories which would now be priceless if we had them; always in fear, always in peril. Then he came into history. One day the monster Caligula, his uncle, was murdered, and a quest for Claudius began. Found hiding behind a curtain, he fell in supplication at the feet of some Praetorian guards.

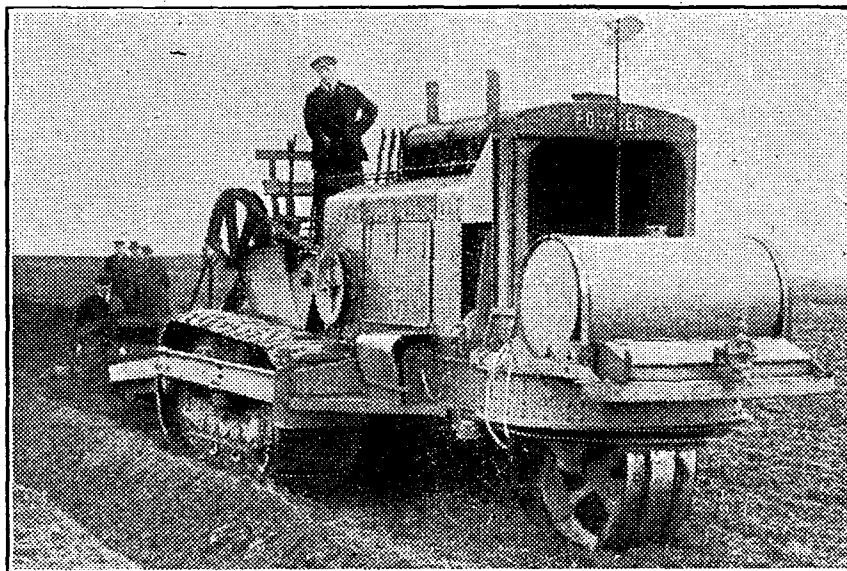
The Judgment Seat

But they did not slay him. "We will make you emperor if you promise us 15 sesteria each," they cried, and so for about a pound a head of the soldiers present the dominion of the world passed to the trembling suppliant who was to glorify Rome, to make a lightning visit with his elephants to conquer Britain, to add three letters to the Latin alphabet, to have his life attempted by three wives in turn, and to die at the hands of the fourth, the woman who sat beside him on the judgment seat and endorsed his noble pardon of Caractacus.

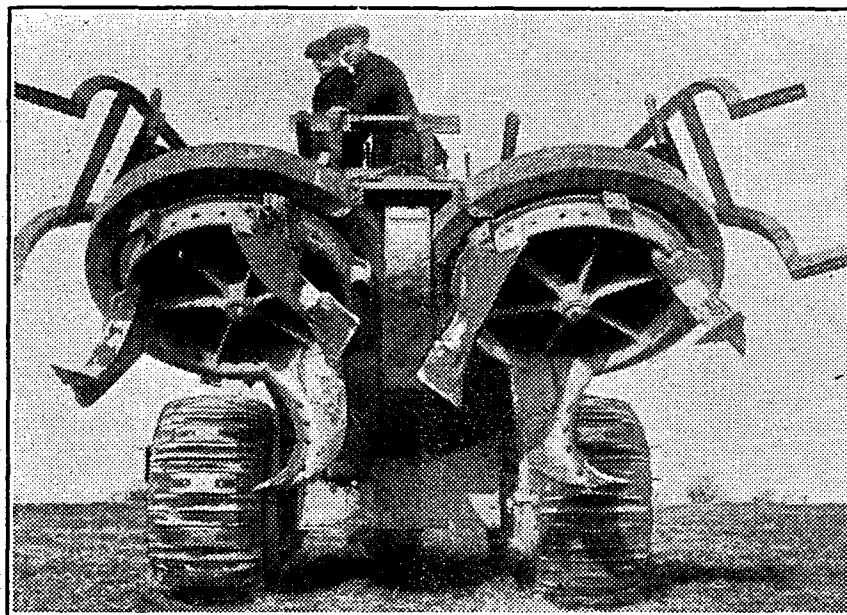
THE OLD PLOUGH AND THE NEW



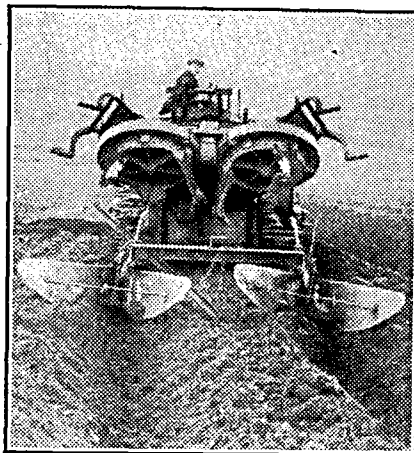
The ancient plough of 5000 years ago still used in the East



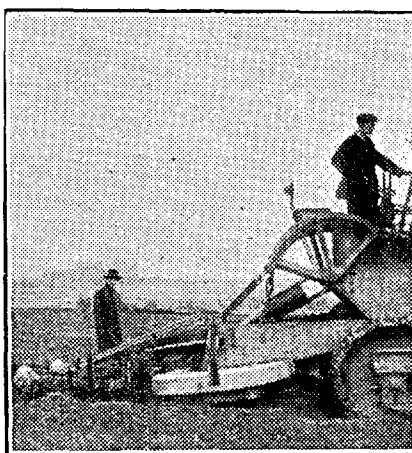
A side view of the new wonder plough



The end of the machine, showing two sets of rotary cutters



A rear view, with the rotary cutters raised



The plough cutting a furrow 18 inches deep

For 5000 years or more the plough as an agricultural implement remained practically unchanged. Then came the invention of the steam plough and later of the motor plough, and now at last ploughing is likely to be more or less revolutionised by this new wonder plough, a gigantic machine that looks more like a tank than an instrument of peace.

OXFORD TO SAVE ITSELF

THE APPROACH OF UGLINESS

Shadow of Industry Creeping Nearer and Nearer

THE UNNECESSARY CLASH

There are some places in England that belong to all English-speaking people and to the world even more than to those immediately associated with them. One is Westminster Abbey. Another is the Lake District. Another is Oxford. There is only one of each of these in the world.

Lakeland never can be spoiled. Westminster Abbey has been grievously invaded by vulgar monuments, but it is likely to be cleared of such things when taste and firmness come together in suppressing absurd vanities. Now there is some fear that Oxford may suffer damage.

The Spell of the City

Everyone who has felt the charm and fascination of that incomparable city will bless the founders of the new Oxford Preservation Trust.

Whoever passes by Oxford for the first time where the railway runs feels with consternation that it is but little removed from a commonplace town. It is only when he has forgotten what he has seen there that the stranger can begin to feel the spell of this wonderful place. And now the ugliness that seems inseparable from modern work seems to be stealthily creeping nearer the city and threatening its beauty. At least it might spare Oxford. There is illimitable room for it elsewhere.

A Wise Precaution

Whosoever feels what Oxford has meant in the life of England, and what it is in itself and must by all that is gracious remain, will give thanks for the wise precaution by which the city is preparing to defend itself. The Trust is taking steps to form a fund for buying up such land near Oxford as might be used for dreary factories that would obscure the views which still gladden those who approach it by road. It has become easy to imagine the scenery round the city, indispensable for its setting as a home of learning and an exposition of architectural art, marred for the generations that will follow us.

Happily Oxford is roused to prevent this outrage. What is needed, in addition, is that all who love this grey city, toned into a deeper beauty by the touch of time and yet vivid with the intellectual life of today, should join in an irresistible demand that this desecration must not be.

The Clash of Old and New

No Oxford man will be lax in support of the founders of the Trust, but there will be scarcely less earnest agreement among the myriad of thoughtful people who would have had the dearest wishes of their hearts fulfilled if they, too, could have been Oxford men.

That the motoring industry, the most hustling influence in a hustled world, should hustle Oxford, and use its name as an advertisement, is not without an aspect of rather impertinent humour. It illustrates the clash of the old and the new, the clash of the life of action and the life of thought, in the boldest fashion. But why should there be this clash? Each has its own place, and Oxford was there first by many centuries. What is clear is that there has been enough of this unnecessary antagonism, and Oxford is abundantly justified in saying "Stand off!" and in making the warning effective.

NATION REMEMBERS A FRIEND FIFTY YEARS OF GRATITUDE

The Great English Hero of the
Bulgarian People

THE SCHOOL PORTRAIT

A delightful story of gratitude that has lasted for fifty years has just been told by a returned traveller.

For the true beginning of the story we must go back to 1396, when the last Bulgarian tsar was killed in battle and all his kingdom was conquered by Turkey. From that time onward for five long, dark centuries the Bulgarians were only the vassals of the Turkish sultan. They had to pay heavy taxes and give a tithe of all that grew in their fields, and their sons were taken away at ten or twelve as recruits for the Turkish army.

But just when it seemed that the very soul of the nation was slain a wonderful thing happened. The pride and patriotism of the captive race were awakened by a book in 1762.

Stories of Tsars and Saints

A monk of Mount Athos named Paisii wrote it, and it is not a very great book, but it tells the stories of Bulgarian tsars and saints and it reminds Bulgaria of past glory.

After that other books were written in Bulgarian. The first Bulgarian school was opened in 1835. Bulgarian printing-presses followed.

It has been truly said that the recognition of Bulgarian nationality was won by the pen, not the sword. Paisii's book was mightier than the sultan's armies.

In 1861 came fresh misery. The Turkish Government settled 12,000 Tartars on land taken from Bulgarian peasants without any compensation. An even greater theft of the same sort was made a few years later. As a result there was a Bulgarian rising in 1876, which was punished by the most horrible cruelties. Fifteen thousand men, women, and children were massacred.

Independence and Freedom

Now the pen came to Bulgaria's aid again. Our great Liberal statesman Gladstone wrote a pamphlet about the martyrdom of Bulgaria, and it startled the conscience of the world. Not content with that, he attacked the Turkish Government and its English friend Lord Beaconsfield in Parliament, in the Press, and at public meetings for four years. In the end, after a war and a conference, nearly all the aspirations of the Bulgarian patriots were realised. This was in 1878, but Bulgaria did not reach independence and freedom till 1909.

Now let us skip several years. In 1926 a council of societies connected with the League of Nations was held at Sofia, and Lord and Lady Gladstone were among the delegates.

Gladstone and Bulgaria

They reached the frontier at midnight in pouring rain. To their amazement they found a crowd there to welcome them with flowers and cheering because Lord Gladstone was the son of William Ewart Gladstone, the champion of Bulgaria. Next morning they were taken to the biggest school in Sofia, which is called the Gladstone Gymnasium, and there 1000 students, headed by the Minister of Education, welcomed them. Then they were taken to Gladstone Street, all decorated with flowers in their honour, and later a huge deputation came to their hotel, bringing them gifts, kissing their hands, and making speeches of gratitude, while many were moved to tears.

It is strange to think that whereas Gladstone is only remembered as a great and good statesman in England, and many children scarcely know his name, in Bulgaria he is a national hero whose portrait hangs in every school.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Salisbury has a woman as mayor for the first time in 700 years.

Manchester is now the fourth port in the Kingdom, employing 10,000 people.

Ten million pounds a year is spent in collecting litter in this country.

Charles Stuart's gloves, jabot, and skull cap are now being exhibited in the London Museum.

A Snake in the Coal

A snake which has been missing for months at the Zoo has been found among the coal there.

Doing Good by Stealth

An unknown woman has handed in at Charing Cross Hospital an old cash box containing £549 10s.

A Swan in the High Street

A swan which flew from Clapton Ponds held up traffic in Hackney High Street for some time the other day.

The World's Girl Guides

There are now 672,000 Girl Guides in the world, about two in every three being British.

Dolls and Soldiers Not Wanted

It appears that dolls are going the way of toy soldiers; fewer and fewer are to be seen in the Christmas shops.

Narrow Escape From Death

An engineman on the Southern Railway has narrowly escaped death by touching an overhead wire with his stoking rake.

The Bus Ticket Nuisance

At a Ramblers' Conference in Manchester the putting of ticket boxes on buses and trams was strongly urged as one way of keeping the streets tidy.

A Cecil Sharp Home

A site has been bought in Regent's Park Road for a National Home for the study of folk songs in memory of Cecil Sharp.

Trouble of a New Road

The Kingston by-pass road has been opened only a few weeks, and the coroner has just held the third inquest since it opened. "It is apparently a very dangerous road," he says.

The Blue Lobster of Piccadilly

The blue lobster which created so much interest in Scott's Restaurant in Piccadilly Circus the other day was sent to the Zoo, and at the moment is alive and doing well.

CINDERELLA'S GARDEN A Book to Keep Company With Alice

CINDERELLA'S GARDEN. By W. Macneile Dixon. Illustrated by George Morrow (Oxford University Press. 5s.).

It is most difficult for grown-up people to tell exactly what will win the approval of children in a book written for children, but we shall be surprised if Cinderella's Garden does not win great favour from the youngsters and become one of the most popular books of its class.

The class is that of Alice in Wonderland, where imagination is given free rein while the sense of reality is sufficiently preserved to make the tale run smoothly and swiftly.

An air of adventure and an air of fun mingle in the story. Nor is there wanting a shrewd delineation of character.

We admit having been caught by the story and made to read on and on and wish for more; and we suspect that these effects would have been six times stronger if we had been six times as young as we are.

We confidently recommend Cinderella's Garden to the attention of anyone on the look-out for a tale giving scope for youthful fancy and written with literary grace.

The dozen illustrations by George Morrow fit the story to perfection, as everybody who knows George Morrow would expect.

THE BLIND BEGGAR IN THE STREET

Croydon Does a Kind
Thing for Him

OTHER TOWNS PLEASE COPY

Never more will people's hearts be wrung by the sight of blind beggars in the streets of Croydon. We hope it will soon be true of every town.

No longer will our Croydon friends see the bitter contrast between shop windows filled with luxuries and some poor blind man standing shivering in the gutter trying to sell a matchbox or two. Like Hull, Bradford, and Portsmouth, Croydon has decided that these things must not be in a civilised town.

So the beggars have been ordered off the streets. But what is to become of them now?

Croydon is seeing to that. She is not going to let the blind beggars starve, nor is she going to make them a handsome allowance out of the rates, but each will receive a small pension, sufficient to feed and clothe them. Those who can may work, but they may not beg. Charitable people who wish to provide them with comforts and braille books are free to do so, and it is to be hoped that such kind people will seek the blind men out, for the pensions will only cover bare necessities. There are about eight blind beggars in the borough, and their pensions are expected to total £455 a year. This is surely more than they could get by begging, and they will receive it without having to suffer the rain and cold and weariness and shame that fall to the lot of a beggar.

THE RED TAPE ROUND THE MONEY BAGS

Why a Council Cut it

We are always glad to hear of common sense winning a battle against red tape, and it has just happened at Edmonton.

A woman richer in courage than in money saw a little child fall into a lake, and went in after it. She saved the child and herself, but ruined her clothes.

To many people the loss of a set of clothes would only be an annoyance, but to some it would be a tragedy. Sometimes men have not been able to get work because their clothes were not respectable enough.

What was to be done about this woman's loss? We can hear some official saying: "It was all her own fault. She chose to risk her clothes and her life. We have no funds for this sort of thing, and it is not our affair."

But the Edmonton Urban District Council said nothing of the sort. They cut the red tape from their money bags and gave the heroine £5 to buy herself new clothes. We hope the auditor will do the same.

THE POLICEMAN TO THE RESCUE

Our account of "a good turn" done by two Nottingham tram-men has brought us word of a somewhat similar act of kindness on the part of a Walsall policeman.

A flower show was being held, and a policeman was on point duty outside the grounds. A poor old lady came along with her grandchildren, whom she was taking to see the show as a treat. When she reached the pay-box she found she had mistaken the cost of admission and could not afford to go in. The little party turned away in evident disappointment.

Then the policeman stepped up and asked, "What is the matter, Madam?"

She explained her difficulty to him. At once he insisted on paying for the children's admission, and gave each of them a shilling to spend inside.

The reader who sends us this story of a good deed adds that "Walsall breeds good policemen as well as Schneider Cup winners."

OUTSIDE THE FAMILY OF MANKIND

WHY NOT MAKE WAR
AN OUTLAW?

American Professors Draw Up
an Interesting Scheme

A DRAFT TREATY

America is still shy of the League, but she does want to help in the outlawing of war, and a great discussion is taking place about a plan which some of her professors have suggested.

It was drawn up at an important gathering in the chapel of Columbia University in honour of those members of the university who lost their lives in the war. The professors suggested that in memory of those who died for their countries everywhere America should sign a treaty with all the chief nations of the world in which she and they should mutually undertake that they "would in no case attack or invade each other or resort to war against each other."

What M. Briand Said

Some time ago M. Briand, the French Foreign Minister, told an American journalist that "if there were need for these two great democracies to give high testimony to their desire for peace and to furnish to other peoples an example more solemn still France would be willing to subscribe publicly with the United States to any mutual engagement tending to outlaw war between these two countries."

The statement attracted very little notice at the time either in France or America, but the professors have made it the basis of their scheme for a treaty, and have submitted the draft treaty to President Coolidge.

The compilers of the draft treaty have taken some of its phrases from the Locarno Treaties and some from existing treaties between America and other countries, while other provisions are new. It begins with the solemn pledge of the countries in no case to attack or invade each other or resort to war against each other; and proceeds to make two exceptions.

An Important Provision

In the first place, it reserves the right of legitimate defence, of resistance to a violation of the undertaking by the other side, though even then the country attacked must offer to submit the dispute to peaceful settlement or to comply with the decision of judges or arbitrators. In the second place, it reserves the right of the United States to resist an attack by non-American Powers upon any State of the American Continent, in accordance with what is called the Monroe Doctrine.

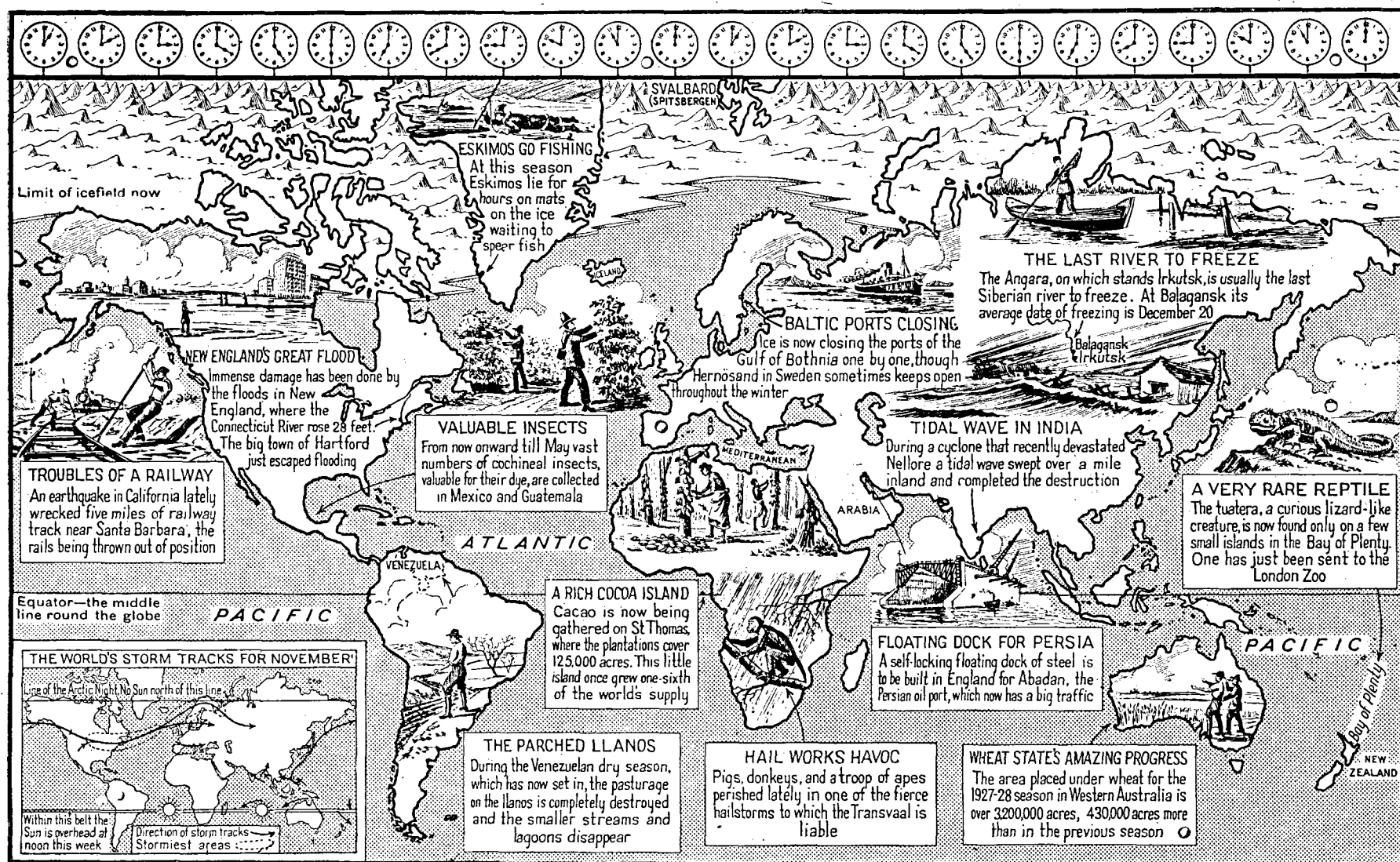
Next comes a provision of the greatest importance to members of the League of Nations, America promising not to aid any Power guilty of breaking a covenant for the peaceful settlement of disputes. This would be the next best thing to America actually joining the League.

Other provisions of the treaty take great care to protect America from being involved in League politics or being in any way controlled by the League, and for this reason it has been welcomed as giving America an opportunity of doing something practical for world peace.

THE BIBLE SOCIETY

It seems that the Bible Society's figures for 1926 are even greater than we stated the other day. The number of copies of the Scriptures issued was over ten millions, and the number of languages the Bible Society now uses has reached six hundred.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THIS KIND OLD WORLD

One of the Good Days

ANOTHER SCENE IN A TRAM

Our readers will love to share with us this picture of a tramway scene in East Anglia.

I had taken my favourite seat in the far corner of a tramcar when I heard a shout, and the car stopped to take up two more passengers.

They were white-faced, fragile-looking old women, very tired and feeble. Evidently they were inmates of the old people's ward of the Poor Law institution. Each had something clutched tightly in her hand, and it needed little imagination to guess that it was a penny someone had given them that they might ride home in comfort instead of wearily tramping the long road again.

As soon as the conductor came to collect the fares a passenger near the door whispered something to him and gave him some pence. Almost at the same time a lady on the seat next the old ladies slipped some coins into their hands and said "These will pay your fares for you." Then a man, who had not noticed what was going on, asked the conductor to "take for the two old mothers as well."

What a beautiful thing it was! Three total strangers instantly moved by the sight of those two weary old people! I had been feeling depressed in spirit when I entered that car after a trying afternoon with some very difficult people, but in a moment the depression had vanished. After all, there was plenty of kindness in the world! And I thought I heard a voice saying: *Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto Me.*

Pronunciations in This Paper

Agrippina	Ah-grip-py-nah
Caligula	Kah-lig-u-lah
Caucasus	Kaw-kah-sus
Siena	Se-a-nah
Toulouse	Too-looz

RUSSIA GOING TO GENEVA

A Move to the Right

International discussions on disarmament without Russia taking part could never be very convincing. So much depends on her attitude.

The Preparatory Commission on Disarmament did some useful work at Geneva last spring, but Russia was still quarrelling with the Swiss Government and would not come. Now she announces that, having settled with Switzerland, she has decided to attend the resumed sitting of the Commission about to be held.

In discussions on disarmament everybody wants to know what everybody else means to do before he is ready to say what he will do himself, and this accounts for the slow progress. The new border States, Poland, Rumania, and Great Powers farther afield are particularly anxious to hear Russia on the subject.

Now they will have their opportunity.

THINGS ARE GETTING BETTER

An Old Man Looks Back

The Mayor of Godalming, Alderman Burgess, is 80, and has held office seven times, first in 1885.

It is pleasant to know that he thinks the world is a much better place now.

He remembers when it was necessary to hold a special sitting of the magistrates after a public holiday to deal with drunkenness; now there is hardly any. Indeed, for three years recently there was no case of drunkenness at all until the record was broken by a stranger who came into the town and was subsequently found drunk.

The mayor is at his office at 8.15 every morning despite his 80 years. We do not wonder that Godalming and its mayor are proud of each other.

HOUSEMAID ON THE TOWN COUNCIL

Miss Thorpe of Bootle

Charles Dickens would have been delighted if he could have known that a maidservant would be a town councillor.

In his day maidservants were often downtrodden, overworked, and underfed, and he championed their cause more than once. Who can forget the poor little slavey nicknamed the Marchioness?

Nowadays domestic workers have a very different status, and today one of them, Miss Lily Thorpe, is town councillor for Bootle, in Lancashire. She is only 22, and at first glance no one would guess that she had been actively engaged in politics for three years.

It is good to know that Miss Thorpe is to continue her housework as well as her public work. Even those whose politics differ from Miss Thorpe's will be delighted by her election and her determination to stick to the very old and honourable profession of household work. Today we recognise it as highly skilled, highly important, and well paid, and Town Councillor Lily Thorpe has shown that she is proud of it.

THE WORM TURNS

A Pedestrian Charges a Car

A worm will turn, and at last a pedestrian has retaliated. One of them has attacked a motor-car.

We are very sorry to relate that he has lost his life in the attempt to teach a car what it feels like to be run over.

The two sons of Lord Morton were motoring in Northern Argyllshire at night when a stag appeared and charged the car. He broke his antlers and his neck, and damaged the radiator, but the motorists were able to continue their journey.

Other pedestrians please note. The contest is too unequal, and we must continue to dodge cars instead of trying to hit back.

THE STARRY DEPTHS OF SPACE

A Map Which Helps Us to Fathom Them

C.N. ASTRONOMER'S DEVICE

The astronomical correspondent of the C.N., Mr. G. F. Morrell, has devised for My Magazine an admirable series of star maps which mirror the sky as we look upward on a clear night of stars and show us their distances. To the ordinary map Mr. Morrell has added a scale which tells the distances of those twinkling suns which never cease to send their beams to us, and have been doing so since the Earth began.

Looking toward the North this month, great Vega gleams on our left, but the brightness that we see set out on its journey from that glorious orb 35 years ago.

Capella, though nearly the equal of Vega in brightness, is nearly 90 million million miles deeper sunk in the depths of space. It is 50 light-years away. The pulse of light that falls on human eyes now was shot out from it in 1877.

But these are among the nearer of the bright stars that stud the chart. The Pole Star was shedding the beams that strike the Earth this month before the Great Exhibition of 1851 was built. Algol, the Demon Star, which waxes and wanes in brightness, had the eclipse we see this year just before the Victorian Era began. The star which is numbered and named as Alpha in that constellation of Perseus from which the Perseid meteors seem to shoot is 180 light-years away, many billions of miles farther away, in fact, than any so-called shooting-star.

We hope this novel device of adding a scale to a star map will give to many a real idea of the three dimensions of the starry space, in which each and every point of light is situated at depths which are immensely great and often immensely less or greater than one another.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

NOVEMBER 26 1927

Why?

There are signs of an increasing desire for peace between Capital and Labour.

SOMETIMES in a big shop, or at a railway terminus, or by a village cross, our eyes fall for the hundredth time on the names of those who gave their lives in the Great War. Time softens the grief with which we recall the sacrifice, but it can never prevent us from asking once again the heart-breaking question: Why?

Why was the flower of this fair country cut down while youth or young manhood had its life to live, its work to do, its joys to be won, the lessons of the years to be learned? Why? Our children's children will ask the question with ever-increasing bewilderment.

Today our eyes are opened to the wickedness and greed and folly which led to the war. We may think we have learned its lesson. But are we sure?

It is said that it is easy to be wise after the event. But when we look around us at the industrial strife that for so long has distracted England, and has left behind it threats of struggles still to come, we begin to wonder whether we have learned anything at all.

Our strife at home is only what we call an industrial dispute, though industry must be in a bad way when those who want to serve its interests proclaim that hate of anything or anybody will advance them. But, whatever the rights and wrongs of this industrial strife, it sows deeper bitterness between those who strive without bringing profit or even a feeling of triumph to anyone. It costs no lives, but its cost in misery, in envy and hatred and all uncharitableness, is not to be reckoned.

When our grandchildren ask if the awful war which shook the foundations of the Twentieth Century's civilisation could not have been avoided they will ask also if the strife between Capital and Labour was also avoidable, and whether it was the system that was wrong or only the unteachable minds of men.

They will ask why the employer should always have wanted to buy work as cheaply as it could be got out of a man, and why the worker thought his well-being could best be promoted by wringing the last penny out of the employer. Would not both have done better to inquire what was the best thing to be done for the industry from which all must draw their livelihood?

The cow cannot give its milk if it is not well fed.

The future will ask how men who could not make peace in their own land could expect to keep the peace outside it, and that will be the hardest question of all to answer, for truly peace, like charity, begins at home.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Fear of a Little Boy

THAT is a pathetic picture we came across the other day of little Richard Evelyn, who lives in his father's diary as one of the most astonishing scholars of his day.

He could read Latin at five and was learning Greek, but what moves us most is the thought that as he lay dying, still a little boy, he feared that *God might be offended because in praying he had folded his hands under the bedclothes.*

A Prophecy Gone Wrong

WE are going to the dogs, we hear; we always were.

It will be just 100 years next year since good William Cobbett was writing this about the country through which he was riding on horseback:

The nation exhibits every mark that the Empire of Rome exhibited when it was approaching its fall. A false and frivolous taste has seized upon the people as well as upon the Government. In dress, in entertainments, in our language, habits, and everything, we have become a hollow and tinsel nation compared with what our fathers were.

Even in the sports of the field we have become frivolous, effeminate, and senseless. Everything solid and plain is despised, the relations between master and servant are obliterated, along with the names—all is hollow and false, all is affectation and unjust pretension.

Ninety-nine years have gone, and is there a country on the face of the Earth, we wonder, that would not like to change places with England?

The Kindness That is Everywhere

TEN years ago tens of thousands of British homes knew what it was to have members of the family captive in a foreign land, and they will not forget their feelings.

In the Napoleonic Wars many parts of England were acquainted with foreign prisoners languishing in long absence from their country, under conditions far more severe than exist in our own time. It is good to know that English people did not lack sympathy with their captured enemies then; for there are places where memorial stones still record the deaths of such prisoners and where sympathy is still kept aglow.

At Odiham, in Hampshire, two such stones stand beside the little church, telling where Pierre Feron, of the 66th Regiment of the Line, and Pierre Julian Journeau, of the French Navy, lie. One stone has these words:

*He was a prisoner of war;
Death hath made him free.*

Since he was set free 118 years have passed, but still a kindly lady who reads the C.N., and whose name is well known, keeps the stones in repair so that every passer-by can read their message. When such kindness exists is it not strange that war should be?

Worth Remembering

WE have just been remembering that it was said of a great French scholar that he could not be discourteous even to a dog.

It seems worth while to remember a beautiful thing like that now and then.

Especially Those

I think our butchers are a credit to us. The Prince of Wales Especially those who use the humane killer. The C.N.

Tip-Cat

ELECTIONEERING is now done by aeroplane. Surprising what a candidate will get up to.

WHILE playing for a chess championship one of the players fell asleep. His opponent should have checked him.

DORSET police are looking for a man in plus-fours. He knows they are, and has bagged himself first.

NEWS headline: Shakespeare for Egypt. Our Cockney contributor says he's the man to hit the Nile on the head.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If a bookworm likes dry leaves

EXPERTS are predicting a tin famine. We can't evade it if we can.

CLOTHES, they say, count in business. Only when there is a man inside them.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE thinks there is always a good deal to be said on both sides.

Worst of it is both sides try to say it all.

THE Tories are angling for public favour. They'll catch it if they don't look out.

EITHER you make your plans, writes an essayist, or you do not make your plans. You can't do both.

In a Nook With a Book

ALL these years I have sought for peace, and have never found it save in a nook with a book. Back to that nook some time I will go, and when I die I have no higher ambition than that of my cousin Rudyard Kipling. If the first people to greet me in the next world should be good Sir Walter, and Jane, and, might I add, a little Schubert music, who so happy as I, provided only that afterwards I might sit in a corner for a real good talk with Mrs. Gamp?

The Prime Minister

A Prayer 1300 Years Old

Be present, O merciful God, and protect us through the silent hours of this night, so that we who are wearied by the changes and chances of this fleeting world may rest upon Thine eternal changelessness.

Now is the Time

Now is the time when fires are lit
And timid dawns are bronze
and gold
And shadows of the night birds flit
Across the dusk, so vague and cold.

Now is the time when drifting
leaves
Enrich the ruts the carts have
made;

No longer in the busy caves
The matins of the birds are said.

Now is the time when hearths
are bright

And summer apples from the loft
Are roasted in the snug half-light
And tales are told in voices soft.

Now vistas of the sky are seen
And distant avenues unfold
Through trees that lack their
summer green
And bear frail filigree of gold.

Now doth a lovely strangeness
grow

About us as a tale half told;
The Earth new beauty wears
that so

We, too, grow lovely growing old.

Flora Sandström

Margaret is Nine

MARGARET (never mind *which*, but a very nice one, with brown hair, and deep blue eyes, and a blue blazer) was nine yesterday.

There was a learned man staying in the house, as it happened; and after Margaret's presents had been unwrapped on the breakfast table the man and Margaret went round the farm and talked of ages. Jane, the pet sheep, came up to have her nose rubbed and to offer birthday wishes.

"Jane might live to be fifteen," the wise man said. "I hope she will. Oh, there's a heron! Did you see it passing over?" He raised his head. "How long could herons live?" she asked.

"It has been proved that some of them last sixty years, Margaret. Think of it!"

Taffy the Sealyham

A blackbird now perched on the apple tree and burst forth into a special birthday lyric.

"But *you'll* die soon, I'm afraid, darling," the little girl said tenderly when it had finished, for Margaret loves all birds.

But the Man Who Knew So Much only laughed. "Top age for a blackbird is eighteen," said he, and Margaret's look was full of wonder.

"And now, perhaps," said Margaret, as she saw Taffy the Sealyham digging for a rat, "perhaps you'll *not* say how long dear Taff may have to live. He's eight already, you see."

"He might be good for seven years yet," was the encouraging answer; "and that rat he's trying to get might live to—"

"Oh, not for ninety years," pleaded Margaret.

"No; for three."

The strong man is he who conquers himself. Mohammed

WHAT TO DO WITH THE ABBEY

TAWDRY MONUMENTS THAT SPOIL IT

Shall We Keep Them and Spoil the Outside Too?

A SAD PROPOSAL

At last, after much hedging and talking, after many years of grumbling on the part of lovers of the beautiful, we are facing the problem of what is to be done with the monuments in the Abbey. Something has to be done.

All readers of the C.N. and My Magazine are perfectly aware of the trouble, for it was only the other day that the C.N. Monthly was asking what should be done with the Abbey. The immediate question is the crowding of a lovely cathedral, built in a style which provides its own ornaments, with memorials that are terribly out of place; another problem is what shall be done with the memorials of the future.

The Public Outcry

The Cathedral Commission which has been sitting, and has issued its report, must be surprised at the public outcry against their proposal, which is to extend the Abbey either by building a new north aisle or an ambulatory round the Chapter House.

It is suggested that the new north aisle shall be built in the grass space stretching from the existing north transept to the west front.

This is nothing short of a crime. That piece of grass has more to do with the beauty of the Abbey than many realise. It stands between the roaring roadway and the venerable walls, an oasis of green calm in a tumult of sound. It is a perfect foreground.

London's Dear Traditions

Moreover, the grass space provides us with the only unbroken aspect we have of the Abbey. Londoners pass it daily. It is part of the dear traditions of the Empire's capital. Strangers come from afar and see the pinnacled walls running along to the west towers, and they say to themselves, So that is the Abbey. It is intolerable to think that anything should spoil that line of bygone genius.

The building of the ambulatory and cloisters on the Chapter House site would be another crime. It means that a building would be set up running parallel to Henry the Seventh's Chapel and hiding the walls of that unique and beautiful building.

Someone once described Henry the Seventh's Chapel as the most romantic building set up in the late years of the Gothic movement. It has been roughly handled already by restorers. To block the walls by a building set up between the Chapter House and Old Palace Yard is something for which the children of England would never forgive their parents.

Memorials Out of Place

We do not agree with the Sub Commission in their suggestion that the memorials already existing in the Abbey should stay where they are. Many of them are florid, tawdry, huge, unsightly, and entirely out of place in a Gothic building. They were a mistake. It is a good thing to have the courage to face one's mistakes and to wipe them out, and in any case many of these things which spoil the Abbey are merely there because they were paid for.

No one suggests that the bodies buried in the Abbey should be removed, but there is nothing sacred about these blocks of marble. The Abbey is of more consequence than all the memorials in England. There is a pathetic note in

TRAGIC FATE IN THE CLOUDS

How perilous are the attempts made by airmen to reach the greater heights above the Earth has been tragically demonstrated by the death of an American Army aeronaut, Captain Hawthorne Gray, who went up in a balloon to try to break the record for height. He went up from the aviation field at Belleville, Illinois. The spectators never saw him come down again.

On these record-breaking attempts, whether by plane or balloon, the pilot wears a mask and takes tubes of oxygen with him to sustain life at altitudes where the air is so thin that none can safely try to breathe it. Then there is the intense cold, which is many degrees below zero.

By some mischance, of which there is no explanation, the captain slashed the tube leading from the oxygen cylinder to his gas mask. The oxygen streamed out. The aeronaut must at once have become unconscious, his lungs congested

or frozen. This must have happened at a height greater than 40,000 feet, for there is an entry in the balloon's log book, in the captain's handwriting, that at a quarter-past three the barograph, an instrument which registers height, had pointed to that altitude.

With the dead man the balloon soared 3000 feet higher, if the automatic barograph recorder is correct; so that the dead man was carried higher than ever human being had been taken before. The living man died nearer to the heavens, as Thomas Hood would have said, than anyone who ever before had travelled in the skies.

After the aeronaut's death the balloon, out of control, drifted 300 miles before its hydrogen was spent, and it descended in the Cumberland Mountains of Tennessee. Captain Gray was found dead in the basket, the knife which had cut the oxygen tube being clasped in his frozen hand.

THE PRICKLY PEAR FARM



This picture shows a girl picking the fruit at a farm in San Fernando, California, where prickly pears are cultivated. The juicy fruit of this species of cactus is good to eat, and is made into jellies and other preserves

the guide books strangers use to the effect that the Abbey should be seen first as a whole and the memorials looked at afterwards. Experience has taught us that this suggestion is rarely followed. Strangers come in and go staring from monument to monument filling up those lovely Gothic arches, and doubtless they go away thinking they are part of the hallowed walls.

It seems to us that in place of these things a series of beautiful shrines might be built in keeping with the spirit of the Abbey, which would give ample room for the ashes of the great for many generations. Or, in accordance with another suggestion which has been put forward, the triforium might be used for the purpose of a memorial ground.

A triforium is a gallery running above the arches of the nave and choir. It has no windows in the outer walls, and is often called the blind storey.

The triforium of the Abbey is unusually spacious, and is really an upper church in itself. A broad staircase leading to it could be built, so that one would simply go upstairs to see the memorials to the great dead instead of downstairs, as in the crypt of St. Paul's.

In this way those of England's sons who deserve it could still have the final honour of a monument in the Abbey, and the beauty of the building would be unimpaired. It would be better than spoiling the outside of the Abbey merely to preserve the things with which our ancestors spoiled it inside.

CHEERFUL JOSEPH

THE HERO IN THE WRECK

How a Poor Battered Ship Ran Through Three Gales

THE COOK WHO WOULD NOT DESPAIR

Joseph Notice is a Negro by birth and a cook by profession. He is also something of a hero to his messmates.

He was on board the American four-masted schooner Horatio G. Foss, bound for Guatemala, when the ship encountered three gales one after the other. The sails were blown to ribbons. For ten days the crew of seven worked the hand as well as the steam pumps; and all the time Joseph Notice kept cheerful. At length the poor battered ship gave way; her seams opened, and she began to sink. But Joseph Notice kept cheerful.

The Forgotten Compass

A few stores were hurriedly thrust into a boat, and it was lowered so quickly that one of the crew was left behind, but he jumped from the wreck into the sea and was pulled into the boat.

Then the shipwrecked men found that they had forgotten something else; it was the compass. They were 200 miles off Bermuda, and of course they were lost without a compass, so Captain Potter did a brave thing. He swam back to the wreck, scrambled on board, got the compass, and swam with it to the boat through the gale-wracked seas.

For seven days the shipwrecked men were tossed about in a 22-foot open boat, suffering hardships which landsmen can hardly imagine. But all the time Joseph Notice kept cheerful, and tried to keep the others cheerful too. Even if the captain had forgotten the compass in his hurry Notice had not forgotten his Bible, and his cheerfulness was founded on that book. Half his time was spent in baling the boat and the other half in reading aloud the most consoling and inspiring parts of the Bible to his comrades.

Refusing to Despair

The crew rigged up three masts and sails with two oars, a harpoon pole, a couple of sheets, and a blanket, and with this queer tackle they managed to get within 35 miles of Bermuda. Then they rowed for six hours, pulling for dear life till they were within a mile of the north reef of the island. Think what the sight of land must have meant to those men after seven days in an open boat, and then think of their misery when a south-east gale sprang up and swept them out to sea again!

But even then Joseph Notice refused to despair, and at last they sighted a ship. It was dusk, and they waited till her lights drew near and then lighted red flares. They were picked up.

The rescue ship was the Volendam, a Holland-American liner making a special voyage with delegates to a banker's convention, so that it was only by chance that the men of the Horatio G. Foss were saved. The passengers of the liner presented the shipwrecked men with a purse of £240.

As he scrambled on board the Volendam, still carrying his Bible, Joseph Notice said triumphantly "Ah, the Lord doan want us yet."

THE OREGON TRAIL

The Last of His Caravan

A broad motor highway is planned along the route of the historic Oregon Trail, over which in less than one generation of the last century 50,000 pioneers migrated in covered wagons.

The road is being promoted by Mr. Ezra Meeker, 97 years old, the sole survivor of a caravan of 2000 people who made the journey in 1852. It is to be a memorial to those who are gone.

JOHN WOOD AND HIS SON

THE MEN WHO SAVED BATH

Beautiful City of the West Remembers Its Old Friends

WHAT THEY DID

If John Wood could have known that he would be remembered as Wood of Bath he would have asked no other immortality for himself.

He left the best of himself, of his genius, patience, experience, and hopes, in Bath when he died there at forty-nine in 1754. He visited Bath once or twice about 1720, but he did not go to live and work there till 1727. Bath remembers that great day, and now, two centuries later, she is being thankful.

There is very little known about Wood's early days. He was an architect, and so was his son John. These two have been called the Elder and Younger Pitt of architecture. They were leaders in their day of the dignified late classical architecture which is called Palladian. In various parts of England their good work is remembered. Liverpool and Bristol owe their Exchanges to them.

The Hollow in the Hills

John came down from Yorkshire on a commission concerned with the Road Acts, and at once, it seemed, Bath began to live in his heart and imagination, and he could have no peace until he had resolved to devote himself to her, body and soul. He saw the town (her lovely scooped-out hollow in the hills, her natural terraces, trees, and water, her native stone) with the eye of genius. He saw Bath as she was when Agricola commanded the Roman troops in Britain in 78, a great Roman city. He saw Bath as she might be when he had finished with her, a great English city.

In the meantime she had fallen to a very low level. For hundreds of years she had been neglected. In 1631 a Dr. Jordan, writing an epistle on the value of baths, added something about the Roman baths in the great city.

Baths Like Bear Gardens

All kinds of disorders (he said) were grown to the highest pitch in Bath; inasmuch that the streets and public ways of the city were become like so many dung-hills, slaughter-houses, pig-styes. Soil of all sorts was thrown in the streets and pigs turned out by day to root among it; butchers killed and dressed their cattle at their open door. The baths were like so many bear gardens, and modesty was entirely shut out from them; dogs, cats, pigs, and even human creatures were hurled over the rails into the water while the people were bathing in it.

The corporation assembled together and framed a body of by-laws to remove every kind of nuisance, and slowly these dreadful disorders disappeared. The town, cleansed but all higgledy-piggledy, needed now a good architect. John Wood came.

The Superb Circus

He made streets through the town—Gay Street, North and South Parade, Queen Square, and the Circus. It took him and his son two generations, and old John died while the superb Circus, his heart's darling, was being built. There was a good man living then, Ralph Allen, a big man of Bath, who owned some quarries and gave John a free hand. Allen should always be remembered with old and young John. There is his country house, designed by the elder John, left to remember him by.

John planned, and his son worked out, the famous Crescent, an ellipse containing thirty houses of the Ionic order. This group of buildings is one of the finest things in domestic architecture that England can boast of. It is the work of sheer genius.

The younger John finished many other streets and buildings, and left Bath safe for all time. In a way she can never now be spoiled. The people of the town

MAKE US SAFE THEN WE CAN DISARM

A Few Thoughts Before the Geneva Conference

WHAT WE CAN ALL DO

By Our League Correspondent

"Let us be practical," said the League men at Geneva last September. "Let us come down to brass tacks. What can we actually do to banish war and bring peace to the world?"

The last Assembly gave an answer to this question, and the League men are now home again in their own countries, carrying this answer with them.

There are at least half a dozen methods that we can all try. We can make more and more treaties of friendship with each other, so that we learn to look on each other as friends and not as enemies. We can make pacts on the model of Locarno by which some strong country will guarantee the safety of a frontier between two others by promising to help whichever of them may be attacked across the frontier.

If Conciliation Fails

For the settlement of our quarrels we can swear to try first the way of conciliation, so that we may shake hands. If conciliation fails we can agree to arbitration, and abide faithfully by its award. We can place the matter before the Court of International Justice, accept its decision as final, and act on it; and, first and last, we can keep the pledge of the Covenant of the League which enforces a delay of nine months before any act of war may take place.

One question that has received attention is the question of doing everything possible to hasten the action of the Council of the League when some serious dispute suddenly flares up.

When war broke out swiftly in the Balkans in 1925 the League Council acted immediately, but, prompt as it was, there was only a single bare hour to spare between safety and conflagration. Extra speed may make all the difference between peace and war. Therefore the League must have special privileges of telephone, telegraph, and wireless, so that its messages may be put through in front of all others for calling the Council members together, for communicating with the disputing Governments, for despatching urgent directions to the disturbed areas. The use of the aerodrome near Geneva, increased air services, and special trains for bringing Council members to their meeting-place must be arranged.

Do We Care Enough for Peace?

All these ideas have been fully threshed out by a special committee of the League, and are now to be put into practice.

But this last part of the answer is by far the easiest part to put into practice. What about the rest? Do we care enough for peace to carry out all these ideas? That is for us, the peoples of the world, to decide, and, when we are sure we are in earnest, to push so hard that our Governments must do what we wish. When we want something for ourselves we give all our thoughts and energies to getting it. Cannot some of us pledge ourselves in the same way to this greater service?

Continued from the previous column

are quite aware of her beauty. They know that there are many besides Walter Savage Landor who said that Bath was the only town fit to live in besides Florence. Bath is one of the few towns in England that deserve such a title as Queen of the West. She owes her glory to the hand of God, the Romans, and John Wood. Nash and his Regency group do not matter; it is Rome that lives eternally in Bath. And we dare not think what a town of haphazard growth and conflicting and vulgar styles Bath might have become if, on a summer day in 1727, John Wood had not pulled up his horse at the North Gate of that city.

THE LITTLE SHOP NEXT DOOR

By a Country Cousin Up in Town

A beautiful thing happened to me yesterday. I was lunching at a little restaurant in London, and while waiting for my coffee I ran out to telephone from a little shop next door.

Neither the restaurant nor the shop is known to the smart world. They are places where pence matter and friends are remembered.

I could not then call myself a friend of the shopwoman. She had never seen me before, but she knew I had run in from "Maurice's."

The telephone stands in a little dim room behind the shop. I fumbled in my purse for the coppers, got my call through, and went back to the restaurant to finish my coffee.

A few minutes later Giuseppe, the old waiter, came to me.

"Did you leave anything behind, Madame, in the shop?"

"Why do you ask?" I inquired. "What have they found?"

"She will not say," smiled Giuseppe. "It might be anything—a lady's scarf, you know."

Giuseppe and the Whistler

I looked for my umbrella, which I have a genius for losing, and I counted all my possessions. "No (I said); it is not mine, whatever it is that Madame has found."

An argument started at my table on rhythm in music, and time passed. Presently I beckoned Giuseppe for my bill. I remember it was rather amusing, as on one hand was a folk-music devotee whistling softly and most beautifully for my benefit a fascinating variant of The Girl I Left Behind Me which had been found by Cecil Sharp in a remote village, played by a man on a concertina; and on the other hand was Giuseppe saying patiently, "Two bread? One bread. Madame did not have cheese."

The whistler went on, and Giuseppe, used to this, silently showed me his reckoning. With one eye on the musician, who insists on being looked at while he whistles and follows your face round if you stir, I opened my purse. I gasped. I had a horrible moment, a nasty sinking feeling. Where was that pound note—my last? It had been there when—when had I seen it last?

The Missing Note

"You can only get that time properly by working out half of it in five-four and the rest in six-four," said the whistler beside me.

I burst out desperately, "Do you know, Giuseppe, I had a pound note. I must have lost it."

He beamed on me. "Madame next door, she have it. She found it, and she did not know if it was you or a gentleman who came in just after. She never seen either of you before. She would not say Have you lost a pound note? because most people would say Oh, yes, and very glad."

The musician ran out, and came back flourishing my pound note. I nearly wept. One's last pound note for some days does matter. And I listened happily to some more of Cecil Sharp's airs whistled in the empty restaurant by that indefatigable young man. And I watched him too. But all the time I was seeing that good little shop next door and the dear little woman who is in charge of it.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Portrait by Lawrence . . .	£50,000
Tennyson's Timbuctoo, 1st ed. . .	£620
Byron's will, Aug. 23, 1811 . . .	£530
Book of fishing, 1590 . . .	£330
Vicar of Wakefield, 1st ed. . .	£325
A letter of Thackeray . . .	£240
MS. poem by Lewis Carroll . . .	£220
A Siena plate . . .	£180

TRYING TO TALK WITH AN APE

Six Months to Say Papa

A PROFESSOR'S EXPERIMENT

Everyone who has seen the apes taking tea round their table in the Zoo or read Mr. Cherry Kearton's story of his pet chimpanzee Mary knows that they can be taught to do almost anything a child of four can do.

Apes learn to wash and dress themselves regularly, to eat their food in a polite manner, and to do many other things. But children learn to talk, and apes do not.

Once a man taught an ape to say two words. He was Dr. William H. Furness. He trained a very clever orang-utan, and his achievement is recorded in a book called *Almost Human*, written by Professor Robert M. Yerkes of Yale University.

The Moment of Triumph

It took Dr. Furness six months to get the ape to say Papa. His triumph came when the ape one day fell waist deep into water and clutched Dr. Furness like a frightened child, screaming "Papa! Papa! Papa!"

Dr. Furness also taught it to say Cup when it was thirsty.

Dr. Yerkes quotes Madame Rosalie Abreu, who has kept several apes in her tropical plantation at Havana and has studied the anthropoids for 20 years. She declares that they have a language of their own, and that it consists of between 20 and 30 cries, which have separate meanings. Patience enables a trainer to learn these sounds, and thus to communicate with the apes in their own language.

The Professor's Confession

Professor Yerkes has kept pet chimpanzees himself, and failed either to teach them his language or to learn theirs. He confesses that he lacks patience and time for such a task, but he understands his pets very well without it, for the chimpanzee has so much facial expression that there is no doubt when it is cross, happy, amused, or sad. The chimpanzee smiles and laughs, and Professor Yerkes sees no reason why it should not also talk.

Of course an ape would not really talk even if it learned to imitate several words. Parrots are said to talk, but the sounds they make are as meaningless to them as the lowing of oxen is to us, and language is only language when it expresses the ideas of the speaker.

THE HUMMING-BIRD'S SECRET

It Will Not Tell

Though the camera cannot lie, the humming-bird will not tell.

At the Zoo some of these scintillating jewels are for ever hovering on the wing. They take their meals there, and rival the dragon-fly in their iridescence and swift movement.

Dragon-fly and humming-bird are Nature's advance models for that aeroplane of the future which will not merely glide and swoop, but which will hang poised in the air, prepared to go backward or forward as required.

To the experts of the Air Ministry it seemed hopeful to bring a slow-motion film camera to bear on them, in order that by taking 300 pictures a second of the humming-bird's vibrating wings the character of the movement might be revealed.

That was not nearly fast enough to catch them. The exposure for each individual photograph was but one-sixth of a second. It was too long. The wing movements were blurred and indistinguishable.

Till a camera with half that time exposure is tried the humming-bird's secret is safe.

DRINKING LESS AND LIVING LONGER

A Wonderful Change Comes Over Denmark

46,000 YEARS OF LIFE SAVED

A wonderful change has come over Denmark in the length of life of the men of her population.

It is well known that in the world in general more boy babies than girls die, with the result that, though there are more boys born than girls, there are many more girls a year old than there are boys. What is perhaps not so well known is that from that time onward the deaths at each stage of life are much greater among men than among women. Between 25 and 35 the death rate among men is 35 per cent higher than among women, and in each succeeding decade the proportion increases to 60, 80, and 85 per cent.

The Greatest Gain of All

But in Denmark it was discovered during the war period that the death rate among men of all ages had dropped to only 17 per cent more than the rate for women. By 1922 it was eight per cent more, and by 1924 only half that. The gain was not in childhood, but in men of 25 and over, and the greatest gain of all was between 25 and 55, the years of greatest earning power. In these years the death rate for men and for women was actually equal. All this, it is to be remembered, is a gain in relative health, and is quite in addition to any general gain in the health of the whole community.

What is the cause? Two facts stand out. The first is that this period in men's lives, from 25 to 55, is the period during which drinking causes most injury to health, undermining resistance to disease and the power to earn a living. The second is that in Copenhagen, where the total deaths from alcohol between 1906 and 1910 averaged 96, the total deaths from the same cause in the years 1920 to 1924 averaged only twelve.

Cause and Effect

During the war there were severe restrictions on the sale of drink, and there is now a high tax on spirits and an organised movement against the use of the stronger drinks. Statistics show a great decrease in drinking during the last 23 years.

The chain of cause and effect seems fairly complete. Men are drinking less and their lives are longer. It has been calculated that between 1905 and 1923 a total of 46,000 years of life have been saved to the people of Denmark, a fairly substantial reward for temperate living!

A LITTLE PRESENT FOR EVERY TOWN

The Prince's Good Idea

The Prince of Wales has given a present to every town and municipality in Canada as a memento of his visit.

It seems difficult to choose presents for even a small circle of friends and relatives at Christmas-time, and so the Prince's task sounds a staggering one. He solved the problem by sending every town the same thing, a collection of peony plants.

These plants are not, of course, natives of Canada but it has been found that the climate suits them admirably, and it is thought that they may become the national flower. They will never replace the famous maple leaf as the symbol of Canada, but they may become as common in Canada as roses are in England.

ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN ART

A Painter of Visions

William Blake was born on November 28, 1757.

It has taken England a long, long time to look on Blake as anything but a clever man who was rather mad. For two generations after his death no one except a few painters and writers seemed to be aware that he had lived. He died an obscure death, was buried in the common cemetery in Bunhill Fields, and his name was forgotten.

For over twenty years a strong appreciation of Blake has been growing in England. Exhibitions of his drawings are now held in the greatest museums of the land; his song Jerusalem, with its haunting, lovely lines, has become a solemn English hymn. As a last measure a memorial to him has been set up in the crypt of St. Paul's.

What He Stood For

Even now there are a great many people saying who and what is Blake? Was he a landscape or portrait painter, or designer, or illustrator? Blake was all of these, but with a difference. His landscapes for the most part only existed in the land of the spirit, where Blake lived most of his life. Many of his portraits are of people who lived thousands of years ago, and of whom no known portraits exist. But Blake saw them so plainly in his imagination that when he was drawing them he used to look across the room as if a sitter were there. His imaginings became visions so real that Blake saw little difference between them and people of flesh and blood. The work of a man of this kind is not easy to understand. We have to bring to it a great imagination and sympathy to grasp it at all.

If we had to label Blake we should say that he was a prophetic artist. He painted the kind of visions the Old Testament prophets saw. Even if they meant nothing at all the sweep of the lines and the magnificent shapes in Blake's drawings appeal to us, just as we feel the sheer poetry of Isaiah's strange sayings.

Seven Happy Years

Blake was the son of a London hosier who lived near Golden Square. His father was a queer mixture: encouraged his son as an artist and gave him as good an art education as he could afford, but failed to understand the workings of the artist's mind. When William was fourteen he was apprenticed to an engraver, and he spent seven happy years working for him. In 1782 he married the daughter of a market gardener at Battersea, and these two loved each other dearly all their lives through. It is certain that without his wife Catherine Blake could not have held out through the years of poverty which followed. The two set up house in a street near Leicester Square. Two years later Blake with a partner opened a printseller's shop. The partner died and the shop had to be given up. There followed some trying years, until one or two of the London booksellers discovered Blake's genius and gave him commissions for engravings.

Blake's Jerusalem

As the years went on he worked for publishers and booksellers to keep his body alive (sometimes with greatest difficulty), and worked at his own drawings for his soul's sake, illustrating the Prophetic Books he wrote, making drawings for illustrations to the Book of Job. As life went on Blake grew poorer and happier. He was all the time building Jerusalem, so to speak, and grudging every hour spent in making an ordinary living.

Blake did thousands of drawings and paintings. They are scattered now to the four corners of the globe. Many of them are treasured in private houses. Dozens have been destroyed by people who did not know their value. There are magnificent examples of his work at the Tate Gallery and the British Museum.

A BOON & A BLESSING TO TRAVELLERS

Waiters on Their Dignity ITALY TO ABOLISH TIPS

If the good news be really true that on New Year's Day all tips will be abolished in hotels in Italy it should be a glad New Year for travellers in that sunny land.

The idea has been put forward before, and there was a time a year or so ago when it appeared to work to everybody's satisfaction. The proprietor liked it because he put ten per cent on the bill and had the money. As the ancient Italians used to say, "Blessed are they who have something in hand, for they cannot be losers." The tourists liked it because in paying the bill they knew the worst. And the servants appeared to like it, for they also knew the worst. They were bound to get something from the least impressionable traveller.

Extortionate Charges

We have heard that after the first flush of enthusiasm some of the parties to the arrangement began to find flaws in it. The ten per cent or more that the proprietor clapped on the bill seemed to some travellers rather more than the service they received was worth. Also, when paid, it did not prevent some of the servants from hanging about the parting guest, looking wistful.

It is like that in France also, and the conclusion that most travellers on the Continent have brought back from their holidays this year is that the tipping charges there, whether put on the bill or not, are extortionate, and much more than is paid in England. The only excuse for them is that the servants force the landlords to make them; but in any case it is out of the tourist's pocket that they come, and it makes many travellers tired of the Continental hotel.

If Mussolini Succeeds

In Italy, in order to restore the happy days of a year or so ago when proprietor, tourist, and waiter could all look one another in the face without attributing mercenary motives, the law is now taking a hand, and waiters who take tips, or proprietors who let them do so, will lose their money or their place, or both.

It sounds rather like making people good by Act of Parliament, but if the might of Mussolini can make it go all the world of travellers will admire him. Then we will begin to pray for our hotel proprietors at home, that they may pay their own wages instead of asking their visitors to pay them.

RED APPLES

And the Reason Why

At the East Malling Research Station a number of men have been trying to make apples blush. The leader of these experiments-makers, Mr. W. S. Rogers, has published his report.

Botanists once believed that colour could be influenced by manure, but two American botanists who devoted 25 years to experimenting came to the conclusion that manure has no influence on colour.

At East Malling they have been grafting apple shoots on different stocks to see if the stocks influenced the colour of the fruit, and they found that it did. The apple stock known as *Jaune de Metz* produced ruddier apples than those which came from three other sorts.

Possibly this is owing to something derived from the very root of the stock, but it is far more likely that the colour comes from the Sun. For *Jaune de Metz* is a small tree with very little foliage. The difference between its apples and those grown on a bushy stock is just the difference between the complexion of a girl who goes hatless and the girl who wears a broad-brimmed hat to save herself from sunburn.

THREE PLANETS IN THE MORNING SKY

MERCURY, VENUS, MARS The Ringed Planet Passes Above the Sun

COMPANION WORLD OVER 1000 MILLION MILES AWAY

By the C.N. Astronomer

During the next few days the planet Mercury will be well placed for observation in the early morning, provided the sky is clear.

The best time to look will be about an hour before sunrise; but at any time between 6 and 7 o'clock Mercury may be found low in the sky at a point between east and south-east. Field-glasses will help the observer to find him, for he will not appear very distinct in the twilight.

The lustrous Venus is away to the right at a much higher altitude than Mercury, a glorious object, quite unmistakable. Some way below her, and about twelve times the Moon's apparent width away, is the bright first-magnitude star Spica.

Mercury's position relative to these two luminaries is indicated on the star map, which shows all three at the



The relative positions of Venus, Mercury, and Mars in the morning sky

beginning of next week, after which Mercury appears farther to the left.

An additional help in finding Mercury is to note beforehand exactly where the Sun rises; then, when seeking Mercury next morning, to draw an imaginary line between the point of sunrise and Venus. Mercury should be found near this line, but, of course, low down near the horizon.

At present Mercury is about 90 million miles away, and so much farther off than Venus, this lovely planet being but 70 million miles off. Both of them now appear near the half-moon phase when seen through a telescope, Venus at present appearing to be rather more than three times the width of Mercury.

Mars is also in the morning sky just now, in the vicinity of Mercury, being rather more than twelve times the apparent width of the Moon to the left of and below Mercury on December 1. But Mercury appears to be approaching Mars so rapidly that by December 9 they will be but twice the Moon's width apart.

It will, however, need a very clear sky near the horizon to see them before day breaks. Mercury will then be above Mars and much the brighter of the two, Mars being difficult to see without optical aid. He is now so far away (about 250 million miles) that he appears very small and faint.

Ancient Names of the Planets

On December 3 Saturn, the ringed planet, will pass above the Sun, being about twice the Sun's apparent width above him. Actually Saturn will be far beyond the Sun, nearly 1020 million miles away and almost as far as he can be; but the Earth will soon begin to approach Saturn again, and in a few weeks' time will be visible in the morning sky in company with Venus and Mars.

Thus the planets missing from the evening sky are accounted for. But in very ancient times Venus was known as Phosphorus when seen in the morning and Hesperus in the evening; Mercury was known as Apollo in the morning sky.

G. F. M.
Other Worlds. In the evening Jupiter and Uranus south. In the morning Venus, Mars, and Mercury in the east.

DESERT ISLAND

The Story of a
Modern Crusoe

By

Marjory Royce

CHAPTER 18

The Finding of the Flag

NEARER and nearer came the beautiful birdlike thing, flashing silver in the afternoon sun.

"It may be an enemy plane," said Hilary idly.

"What enemies have we?" asked his twin sharply. "England's not at war. You talk too much, Hilary; you don't think what you say. You could never get through the silence test in a Tribal Camp."

"What's that?" asked Hilary.

"The Test of Silence, so far as I remember, is that you must remain silent for ten hours, during which time you may speak only by signs."

"Pooh! I could do that," said Hilary excitedly.

"I don't think so," said Rafe, narrowing his hazel-coloured eyes and shading them with his hand as he stared upward. The noise of the aeroplane became stronger. "I shall signal to her," he added.

He got up and made violent semaphore signals. The aeroplane pilot did not take any notice. The machine hovered overhead like a great bird. The sea-birds flew all round it. No rescuing face peered out, alas! but something did come hurtling down! A breeze caught it and it swayed. It was long and thin.

"It's not coming down here," cried Hilary. The wind had blown the thing, whatever it was, across the island.

By the time they had run to look for it it had fallen on the little green island in the loch. It looked uncommonly like a flag lying there, a long stick with something furled round it. It had dropped on the very top of the island mound.

"Let me swim across," said John, and he began to fling off his clothes. In a minute he had dived in, and the others watched while he swam steadily across.

They presently saw him scramble on shore and reach the mysterious gift of the aeroplane. He picked it up, and shook out a flag. He was waving it—the glorious red, white, and blue of the Union Jack!

"The very thing I wanted!" cried Rafe excitedly. "We'll have it in our camp."

"Fancy dropping a flag! I wonder why?" mused Teddy. "I was hoping that it was food."

"I think it is better to have a flag with you when you're in a tight corner than anything," said Rafe.

It almost seemed as if somebody had realised they were going through some sort of a test. Rafe hadn't time to think it out then, for he was absorbed by the gesticulations of John, who was standing by a little silver birch tree, the only tree on the fairy isle. He seemed to be taking something from the tree. Then he began to signal with his arms. Rafe had no idea that John understood semaphore signalling. He spelled the message out.

"Biscuits here. I must be mistaken; I'll tell him to repeat," said Rafe, making an impatient sign. Back came the same message, laboriously signalled with arm-wavings: "Biscuits here."

"I'm going over," said Rafe. "I must see about this," and he began to throw off his clothes.

The idea of biscuits was too much for Teddy. He undressed and went across in no time, while Alastair still lay on the shore, dreaming. Hilary squatted beside him, thinking over the challenge to silence.

"I'll do it, Alastair," he announced solemnly. "That silence test, I mean, for ten hours. It would only be till about two in the morning. If only we could know the time! Why didn't we get that big hour-glass from the hermit's cottage?"

"We can go and look at it," said Alastair. "I'll come with you if you like."

"Will you?" said Hilary.

"Let's go now."

With one last glance at the party of three on the island, all mysteriously gathered round the birch tree, they went along the edge of the lake, where the gulls were swooping, and up the little lane to the hermit's cottage. Strolling to meet them, clucking, came two of the Wyandottes!

CHAPTER 19

The Biscuit Tree

SAFE on the grass of the little green sugar-loaf on the smooth side of the hillock, the three boys stared at the birch tree. It was hung, like a Christmas tree, with ginger-snap biscuits suspended by wire! A label pinned to a leaf assured the staring children that this was none other than:

The Wondrous Biscuit Tree of Lithramore. Whoso eats of these ginger snaps will acquire courage for all tasks that await him.

"Someone is trying to be funny," said Rafe sulkily, turning away.

He sat down and sighed, looking out at the open sea, at the little river that wandered out of the loch into the embrace of the gentle tide, at the sea-birds wheeling against the blue sky. The aeroplane had disappeared.

"What's that?" demanded Teddy suddenly. He had caught sight of a triangular piece of pebble sticking up above the grass at the mound's edge.

He extricated it, loosening the sod. It stuck out from a parcel of striped silk. Unwrapping the folds, he came on a pencilled letter:

"This is to say that on a lovely August day in 1890 Harold Eardley and his sister Brenda came yachting for a picnic to this beautiful island, which belongs to their grandfather, Mr. Eardley of Utterly. They were allowed to come across to the Fairy Island and were told that they might wish, and they wished that all the other children lucky enough to set foot on this most lonely place should have as jolly a time as they have had. They bury this paper, wrapped in Brenda's scarf, to say they are so happy on this island that they feel the good fairies have still a spell over it, and that any child who can get across to it should find luck and happiness at once. If it is so sign your names here, and bury this again for the next party of children that comes."

"We must all sign!" cried Teddy. "But where's a pencil? By Jove, if they haven't buried theirs!" and he fished up a piece in perfect condition and well pointed. "And what's this?" he added, grubbing gently in the ground. "A bottle of eau de Cologne!" he cried, rather scornfully. "For the next little girl who comes here," ran a faded pencil message on the label.

"It'll do for Monica Mildred," Teddy said, holding it up and giving a professional look at the liquid. (Teddy adored medicine bottles.)

"But I think she should come to fetch it herself; don't you?" said John.

"The Eardleys were yachting, weren't they?" Rafe suddenly ejaculated, with such emphasis that the others started. "They must be the people who left that wreck on the other side of the island, beside those great rocks of Sandy-vrechan. The Eardleys: remember the name. And remember we haven't seen the wreck yet."

"But what about these biscuits?" inquired John. "Do you think that Uncle Bluster has gone mad on this island and hung them up?" They were passing the paper round and signing their names on the Eardley letter.

"Don't put back that long scarf; it will be useful," commanded Rafe.

Teddy buried the letter carefully once more and replaced the pebble. It was a strange scene—the elegant little birch tree, quite a fairylike silhouette, standing on the slope, with brown biscuits hanging here, there, and everywhere.

"I wish Monica and Corinne could have seen this," said Teddy. "I suppose we couldn't get the boat round to the end of the island and bring them up the loch?"

"It's not so easy as all that," said Rafe. He was thinking: "Nobody's been here since 1890 (that's thirty-six years ago) except the chap, of course, who has hung up these biscuits."

When they had counted the biscuits, which numbered forty-seven, and had contrived to knot together a kind of bag for their reception made out of the scarf, they began to fear that the precious food would get soaked.

"I think if it were bound on my head I could keep it dry," said John. "I needn't wet my head. But what about bringing the flag to camp?"

"No. Better put it here," said Rafe, after deep cogitation. "It's too heavy. Besides, as this is the highest spot on the island we can see it wherever we are."

"Let's put it in here, and the fairies can dance round it," said Teddy, carrying it into the middle of the fairy ring.

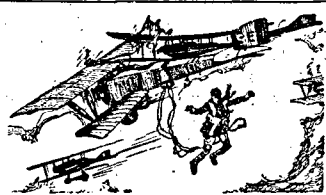
So they did. They thrust it deep into the soft green turf, and left it erect and grand. Then, with much laughter, they tore some of the scarf and made a sort of ribbon, and John wore the bag of biscuits bound on as a hat; and then he, who had always felt such a loathing and horror of the water, walked into it quietly. Slowly and deliberately he struck out for the shore. Rafe, with the little eau-de-Cologne bottle in his mouth, swam on his back. Teddy had the precious pencil between his teeth.

CHAPTER 20

Alastair is Alarmed

WHEN John, Teddy, and Rafe came over the sand-dunes they found Monica Mildred and Corinne distributing little heaps of wild raspberries on the enamel plates. Corinne had found the biscuit tin and was beating it vigorously with a stick.

"So it was a flag that the airman dropped!" cried Monica Mildred. "I wanted to come too, but you know what little steps Corinne takes. I was hauling her along when I had to stop, for I suddenly saw bushes and bushes of these delicious rasps growing up in a little gorge over there. I thought they would be nice for tea."



AND THEN I JUMPED

By

Charles A. Lindbergh

Long before Lindbergh electrified the world by flying the Atlantic from New York to Paris he had won fame in his own country as one of America's most daring pilots.

In "And Then I Jumped" Lindbergh tells the story of his air adventures and his miraculous escapes when abandoning his airplane and parachuting down to terra firma.

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CHUMS

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"Good for you!" said Rafe.

"That's a capital find." His quick eyes perceived that the fire was out. He must build a better one. There was plenty to do before nightfall. Already a slight keenness had crept into the air.

"Alastair and Hilary are catching the fowls," Monica Mildred said. "There was a hole leading out on to the bank at the other end of the cave where you put them, so they've all got out except one sweet thing, called Jemima Smith because she's so like a girl I knew at school. But wherever did you find these?" she broke off, as Rafe undid the bag and tumbled out the biscuits.

"On a tree," said Rafe.

But that wasn't enough for the practical Monica Mildred. She insisted on hearing the whole story about the amazing birch tree and the letter buried in the pretty silk scarf, which she surveyed with feminine interest. She shook it out and held it up. "What a huge one!" she cried. "We'll tear it up and make towels of it. It seems a pity, but we can't afford to waste it."

Then Monica Mildred was further overwhelmed by the gift of the eau-de-Cologne, and wanted to have it opened at once. But as nobody had a corkscrew she couldn't even sniff it.

"Oh, by the way," she said, "Hilary has begun the silence test. He and Alastair have been to the hermit's cottage and turned the hour-glass upside down. Hilary says he won't speak a word till two in the morning, and then he'll talk all night."

Meanwhile Teddy, having gulped down his raspberries, was hunting about the wreckage at the end of the little beach. Presently he held up a short, stout piece of stick. "I think this might do to plug the boat," he said. "I'm going down now to mend her."

"I'll come and see to it," said Rafe.

"I think I'd better wait to tidy up the camp," said the Keeper of the Garbage hesitatingly to Rafe.

There was not much amiss with the camp. Some sprays of raspberry-leaves had been thrown down untidily, it was true.

"You had better go with Ted. I'll just come and start you. Hullo! there are Alastair and Hilary."

The figures of the two boys appeared over the bank. Each carried a Wyandotte hen, and they looked so dirty and dishevelled that Monica Mildred laughed heartily.

"You needn't laugh," said Alastair ruefully. "We have had an awful time, and we've lost the other four."

"They may have come home. I'm sure Jemima's still in the cave," said Monica Mildred, diving into Egg Manor on hands and knees.

"What are we to do with these?" asked Alastair sadly. Hilary only made furious gesticulations.

"There are two of them peacefully here," reported Monica, wriggling out again. "Jemima Smith and another. So that makes only two lost."

"Don't vex yourself, Hilary," said Rafe, noticing how tired and worried the hen-hunters looked. "I should push them into the cave and let them be till we've got a better place." (Hilary opened his lips to reply, but shut them again resolutely.)

"You'll find some raspberries on a plate. That's all there is for tea. I'll be back soon and tell you all about the biscuit tree. We've got a raving lunatic, but quite a pleasant one, hidden on the island. Very glad you're going in for this silence test, Hilary," he added.

"Just a minute, Rafe," Alastair called after him as he went off.

"What is it?" was the impatient reply. "You can tell us your story tonight."

"It isn't a story, it's this. I'm perfectly certain that I heard a lion roaring just now as we were exploring. I did really, Rafe; I'm not imagining it. From the way Hilary jumped I know he heard it too, but of course he couldn't speak."

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

Pedro's Nello

JEAN BLACKIE was very unhappy about her old man with the monkey. "I wish I knew what has happened to them," she said; "they haven't been on the bridge for days."

"I think perhaps the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has had the monkey taken to the Zoological Gardens," replied her father.

"But I'm sure he's good to him, and if he's fond of his master would he be happy away from him?" cried Jean.

"It's hard to say," said her father. "I will make inquiries."

And so he did, that same day.

They found his lodging and there they went. The first thing Jean saw was the monkey sitting by a very small fire. He turned his queer, grave face toward them, and then came up and held out his hand. Jean took it and said: "How do you do?"

Mr. Blackie had seen that Pedro, the old man, was in bed.

"You'll excuse me, sir," he said, "but it's to keep warm."

"You're not ill, then?" asked Mr. Blackie.

"No, sir; but it's too cold for Nello to go out, so I stayed in. I do my best to keep him warm, but there are days, as you know, sir, when the wind seems to search into you."

"But if you don't go out you can't get any pennies," said Jean.

"No, miss, but I must think of Nello. Would you like to see his wardrobe?" he asked.

He dragged a box from under the bed. In it was Nello's complete outfit, carefully made and beautifully clean. Pedro showed them the warm overcoat which Nello wore on cold days, a thinner one, and summer suits. Then Jean examined his packing-case bed by the fire, with a pillow and plenty of little blankets.

It was easy to see that Pedro spared no pains to make his monkey comfortable.

Nello kept turning his grave little face from the visitors to his master, as if seeking the meaning of all they said. His little monkey hand rested on Pedro's wrist in evident comradeship.

"It would be cruel to separate those two," said Mr. Blackie as he and Jean went home; and Jean agreed.

That was the first of many visits to Pedro and Nello, until Jean declared that the monkey was really pleased to see her.

Then in the cold, late spring a neighbour came to tell Mr. Blackie that old Pedro was seriously ill.

Mr. Blackie went at once, but it was too late to do anything for him.

Nello was sitting by his pillow. Pedro managed to say: "Please, sir, not the Zoo—Miss Jean, she'll love him."

Afterwards Jean fetched Nello away, a very sad little monkey. But by degrees he recovered his spirits and attached himself to Jean. "He knows I was Master's friend," she said.



Happiness Grows at Our Own Fireside

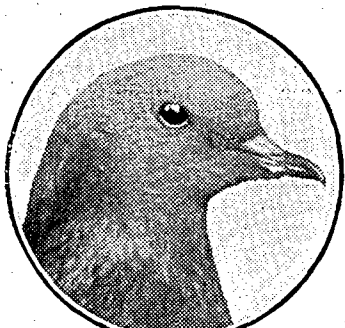


THE BRAN TUB

A Word Square

THE following clues indicate four words which, written one under the other, will make a square of words. Each word, of course, has four letters. At a distance. A stout cord. To unclothe. To repair. *Answer next week*

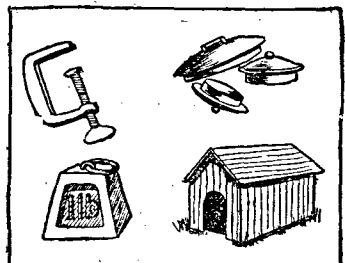
The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Rock-Dove

The Rock-Dove belongs to the pigeon family, and is so called from its habit of frequenting rocky districts. It is very widely distributed, being common over most parts of Europe, Northern Africa, and the coasts of the Mediterranean. Pigeons are noted for their wonderful power of finding the way home, and before the introduction of the telegraph, they were used to a large extent for the purpose of carrying messages.

A Picture Puzzle



WHEN you have found the names of the objects shown here take two consecutive letters from each word, and these pairs of letters, arranged in their proper order, will spell the name of a famous explorer. *Answer next week*

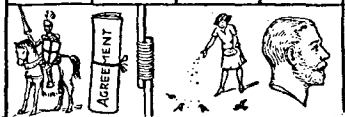
Hanging Pictures

WHEN hanging a new picture remember that if you want it to lie flat against the wall the rings to which the cord is attached must be quite near the top of the frame. Placing these rings lower down makes the top of the picture hang away from the wall.

Another point to remember is that the pictures in a room generally look better if their lower edges are level. Too many pictures, of course, spoil the appearance of a room, and make it seem smaller than it really is.

Changling

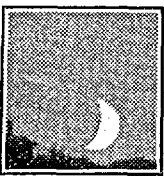
G	O	L	D
R	I	N	G



Change the word Gold into Ring with only five intervening links, altering one letter at a time, and making a common word with each change. The pictures will help you. *Answer next week*

Next Week's Nature Calendar

SKYLARKS are now collecting in flocks. The last pipistrelle bats are seen flying before retiring for the winter. Hedgehogs occasionally wake up and walk out on sunny days. All the trees that shed their leaves for the winter months are now quite bare.



Looking South 6.0 p.m. Nov. 30

Town in a Maze

IN the sagging but not in the drop;
In the moving but not in the stop;
In the stumble but not in the fall;
In the racquet but not in the ball;
In the shallow but not in the deep;
In the listen but not in the peep;
In the hasty but not in the slow;
In the pageant but not in the show;
In the jester but not in the clown;
Whole, I'm a famous rock and town.

Answer next week

Ici On Parle Français



La ferme La fête Le drapeau

Il passera ses vacances à la ferme
Bien sûr que nous croyons aux fêtes!
Le drapeau britannique est déployé

Can You Find Me?

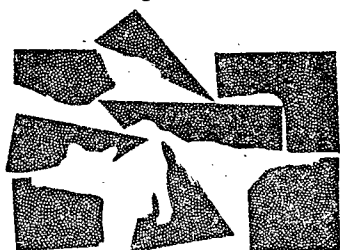
THOUGH ocean disowns me, I sit on the sea;
I reside in the forest, but not in the tree;
I fly with the breezes, but not with the gale;
You'll find me in sleet, but never in hail;
I'm in frost and in snow, but I am not in ice;
In sunshine and summer and spring I rejoice.
Though not in the garden, yet still I repose
In the green summer bowers, on the breast of the rose;
I'm in past, I'm in present, in base and sublime,
But not in eternity, neither in time;
Although both with angels and mortals I'm found,
I was never in heaven, nor on earthly ground.

Answer next week

Is Your Name Filmer?

PEOPLE of this name can trace their ancestry back to an Anglo-Saxon forefather, for the name is just a modern spelling of an old Anglo-Saxon personal name Filumaer, just as Aylward is from Aethelweard, Allnutt from Aelfnoth, and so on.

A Jig-Saw Bull



CUT out or trace carefully these shapes and then rearrange them so as to make a white figure of a bull on a black background. *Answer next week*

Proverbs About Folly

FOLLY and learning often dwell together.
Folly grows without watering.
Folly has more followers than discretion.
If folly were grief every house would weep.

How the Martello Tower Got Its Name
THE small forts erected along the English coast in anticipation of an invasion by Napoleon are called Martello Towers. The name is from Mortella Point, in Corsica, where a tower of the kind long resisted a British naval force in 1794.

Jacko Wins the Day

MRS. JACKO was so busy one morning that she asked Jacko to do her shopping for her. "Here's my list," she said, "and Baby is all ready in his go-cart."

"I'm not taking Baby!" said Jacko crossly.

"Indeed you are!" said Mrs. Jacko firmly; and he did!

The first shop was the greengrocer's, and as it was very full Jacko had to wait some time before he could order Mrs. Jacko's potatoes. While he was waiting he caught sight of a huge pineapple lying on the counter.

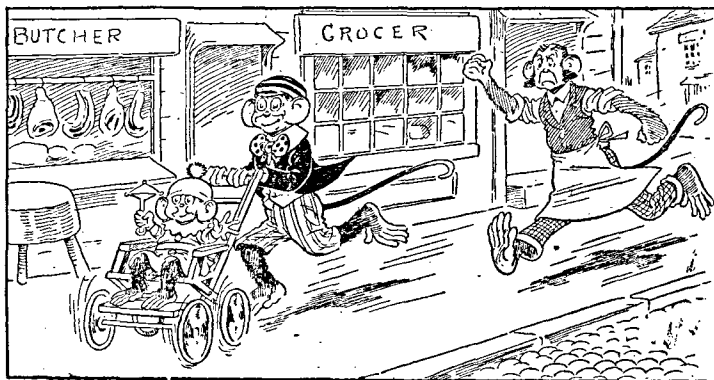
"Coo! That's a monster!" said Jacko, and he picked it up.

Mr. Sploggs, the greengrocer, happened to look round at that moment, and when he saw Jacko holding the pineapple he rushed up, hoping he had found a customer for it. But when Jacko said he didn't want to buy it Mr. Sploggs looked very suspicious. "Why were you handling it, then?" he asked.

Jacko said he wanted to feel how heavy it was. But that only made Mr. Sploggs more suspicious than ever.

"Attempted shoplifting; that's what it is!" he whispered to his wife. "Keep an eye on him, Jemima."

Mrs. Sploggs watched Jacko out of the shop, and her eagle eye followed him down the road. Suddenly she called her husband. "You're right, William!" she exclaimed. "The boy's dishonest!" And Mr. Sploggs saw Jacko stooping down



"We're going to have a race," said Jacko

to pick up a fine big orange which he had just dropped and push it under the baby's rug.

"He didn't buy any oranges here!" spluttered Mr. Sploggs. "A clear case of shoplifting if ever there was one!" And he rushed down the street after Jacko.

Jacko saw him coming, and a broad grin came over his face.

"Come on, Baby, we're going to have a race," he said; and he pushed the go-cart along the pavement at such a rate that the people rushed out of their way.

Mr. Sploggs followed along behind, puffing and blowing, and shouting "Stop thief!" whenever he had enough breath. A policeman joined in the chase, and between the two of them Jacko didn't stand a chance.

"Now then, what do you say the boy has done?" asked the policeman, taking out his notebook.

"Shoplifting!" gasped Mr. Sploggs. "I stopped him from taking one of my pineapples, but he took an orange all right!"

The policeman felt in Jacko's pockets, but no orange was there.

"Look under the rug!" said Mr. Sploggs.

The policeman whisked the rug off in a flash.

"There it is; I knew it!" cried Mr. Sploggs triumphantly.

But instead of looking guilty Jacko burst out laughing; and suddenly the policeman gave a guffaw.

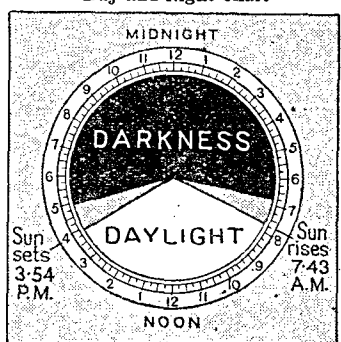
"You've been had, Mr. Sploggs!" he said. "That's not an orange; it's the child's ball!"

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for four weeks in 12 towns.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
	1927	1926
London	5677	5888
Birmingham	1338	1274
Manchester	1033	1082
Dublin	782	762
Edinburgh	571	592
Newcastle	461	487
Hull	449	384
Portsmouth	392	355
Nottingham	360	356
Norwich	183	158
Rhondda	180	232
Blackburn	137	136

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows shorter each day.

D! MERRYMAN

Thoughtful

FROZEN Passenger (after half an hour's wait on a country station platform): Porter, when do you think that train'll be in?

Philosophical Porter: Don't know, sir! But what I always say is that the longer you have to wait, sir, the surer you may be that the next minute will bring it along!

An Untidy Habit



WHEN Ronald Rabbit starts to write He's in for trouble—lots! He rests his pen between his ears, And that's the cause of blots.

Too Late

CUSTOMER (back at the cash desk): Look here! You didn't give me the right change just now.
Cashier (sharply): Too late, sir! You should have counted it when I gave it you.
Customer (cheerfully): Oh, all right! Only you gave me ten shillings too much. Good-morning.

In a Lesson on Truthfulness

Now, supposing I were to bring you a canary and told you it was blue, what would that be?

Please, sir, a tomtit!

What He Took

A PEASANT living in the neighbourhood of Toulon had become the owner of several large farms as the result of his thrift.

One of his tenants, who was afraid he would never come to a satisfactory agreement with such a miser about the renewal of his lease, was agreeably surprised to find his landlord more accommodating than he had expected, and in his relief he invited him to drink a glass of wine.

"I do not drink wine," said the good man.

"Well, well, just as you please," rejoined the farmer politely; "but do take something."

"If you really wish me to take something," replied the landlord, "I will have a stamp for a letter."

And, taking a stamp, he put it in his purse!

On the Underground

LOOK here, mister, there's a dozen names on this ticket you've given me.

Yes, it's the same fare to all of them. Ay, but how am I to know which is the station I'm going to?

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Cross Word Puzzle
Here is the answer to last week's cross word puzzle:
Across: 1. PATER, 2. SHINE, 3. IMAGE, 4. LINER, 5. NB, 6. CALES, 7. VR, 8. TIP, 9. PEW, 10. LEO, 11. STARO, 12. PARR, 13. RAMPART, 14. THIN, 15. CRY, 16. YELL, 17. HAS, 18. CRY, 19. ROE, 20. IT, 21. LADEN, 22. SA, 23. NEVER, 24. WAGES, 25. EDGES, 26. SPIRE.

A Reversed Word
Evil, live.

A Charade
Candle-stick.
Arithmetic and Spelling
sCale, fLame, LAir, MOuse, DRain, MOde, CHat, DRake.

Pictorial Fish

The objects were slipper, tap, ear, heart, kettle, from which we make the words sprat, shark, skate.

Who Was He?

The Great Politician was George Ganning.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

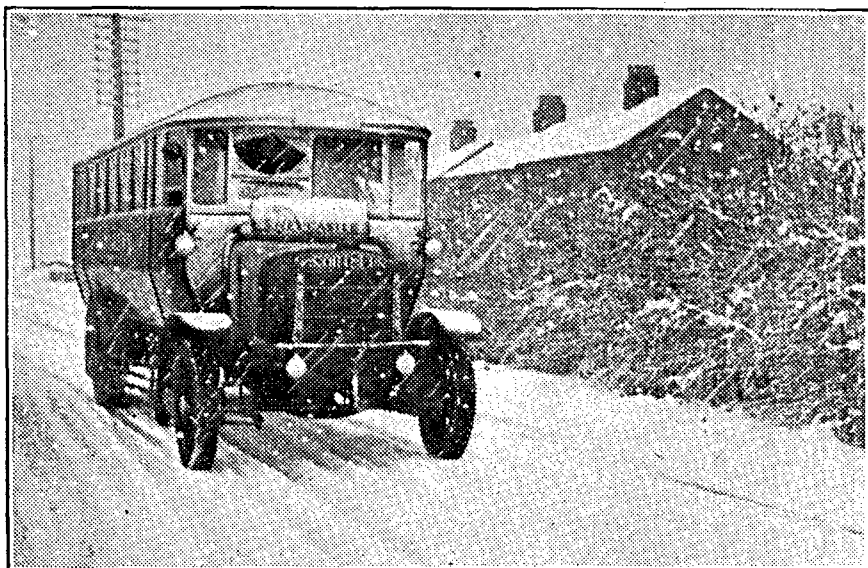
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

November 26, 1927

Every Thursday, 2d.

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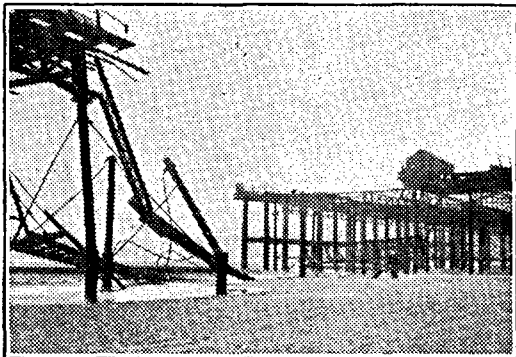
WINTER'S FIRST SNOW · EMPIRE'S LARGEST ENGINE · LONDON PIGEONS TO GO



Winter Arrives—Snow has already fallen in the North of England. Here we see a motor-bus passing along a Durham road on which snow was lying several inches deep the other day



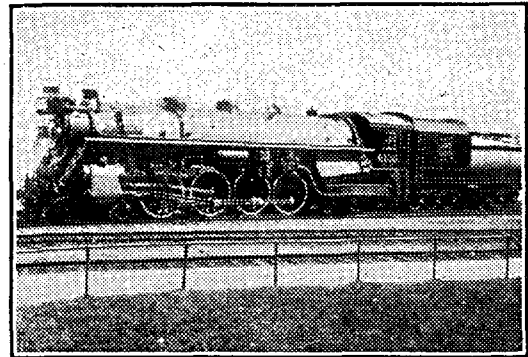
One of London's Markets—This picture shows a second-hand furniture stall in the Caledonian Market, Islington, which is a favourite resort of thousands of bargain-hunting Londoners



Storm Wrecks a Pier—Enormous damage was done by the great gale which recently swept through the country. Here we see how the iron supports of the pier at Morecambe, Lancashire, were washed away



A Ride Round the Farm—In this happy picture from a Norfolk farm we see a girl giving two sedate-looking geese a ride in a wheelbarrow



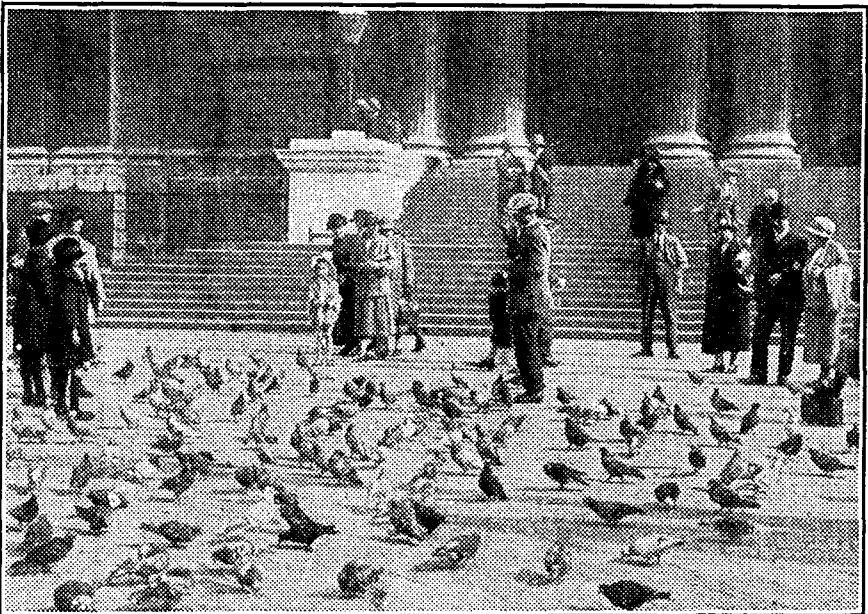
Empire's Largest Engine—This new engine of the Canadian National Railways is the largest in the British Empire. It is over 93 feet long and weighs 319 tons. Forty of these giant engines are now being built



Three Friends—The huge dogs in this picture are Great Danes which were entered for a dog show at Croydon



German Fencing Girl—This German girl of 16, Helen Mayer, won an international fencing contests in London



Too Many London Pigeons—The wild pigeons of London have become too numerous, and, because of the damage they do to buildings by pecking the mortar and stonework, three thousand of them are to be killed. Here we see some of the famous pigeons at St. Paul's



Christmas is Coming—The Christmas bazaars will soon be in full swing, and some remarkable displays have been prepared to entertain the children who will flock to see the toys during the next few weeks. This picture shows a working model of a circus in a London shop

WHO BROUGHT THE NEWS FROM BETHLEHEM? SEE MY MAGAZINE CHRISTMAS NUMBER

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